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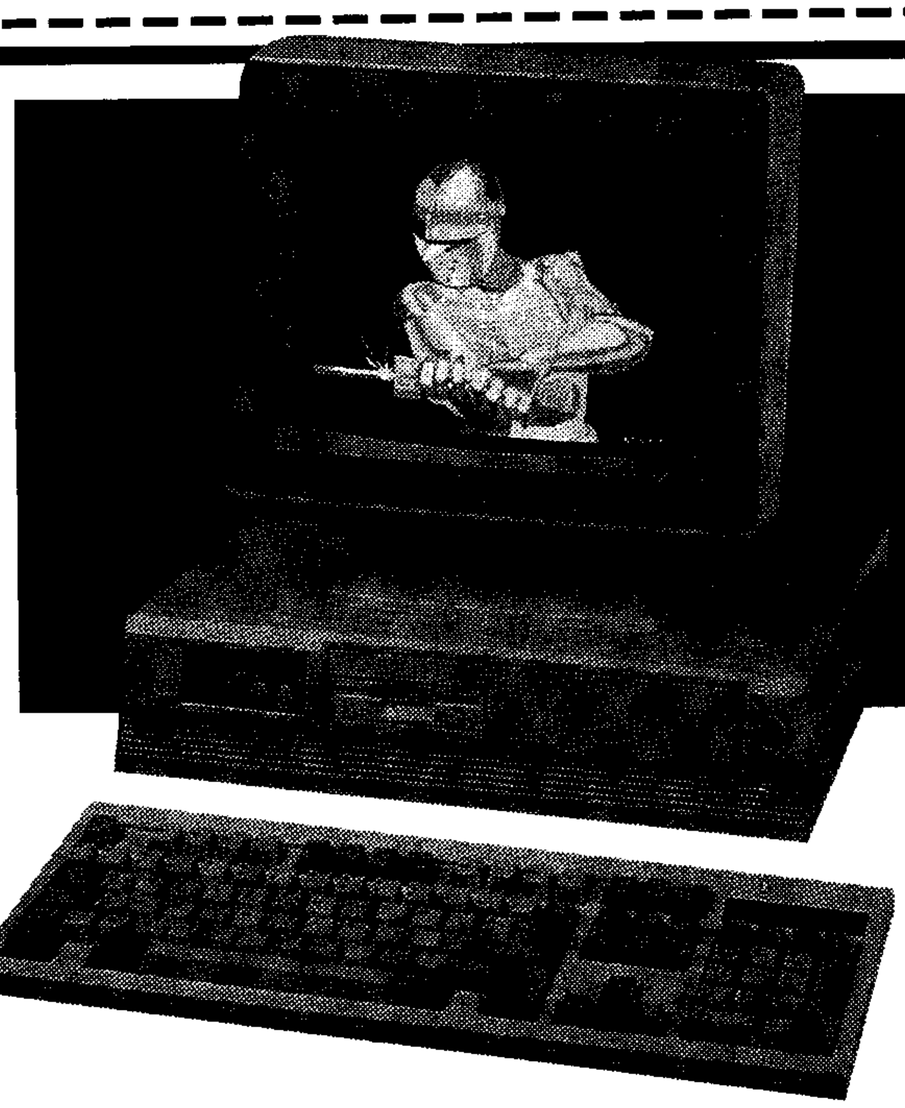

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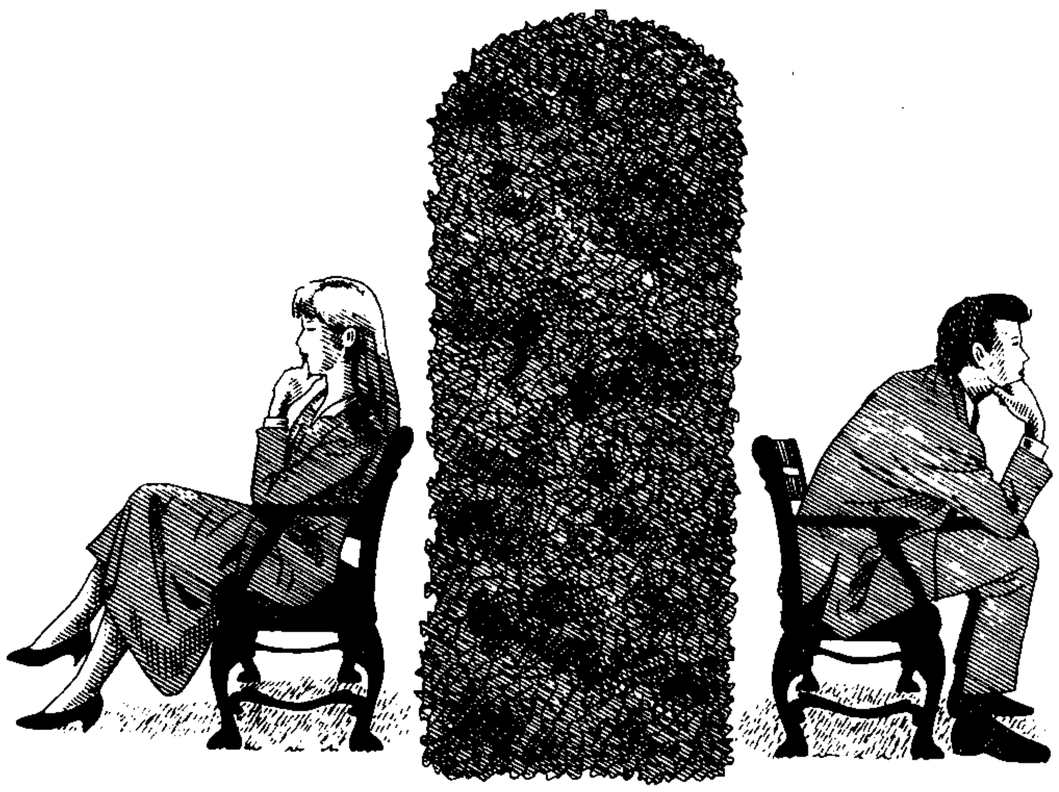

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Gnome

AFTER much heart-searching I have decided that Mr Mellor should resign. Initially I felt, as did my assistant Ms Rita Chevrolet, that adultery was no cause in this day and age for an important public figure to give up his job.

Further revelations about the actress Miss de Sancha made no difference to my opinion. As Ms Chevrolet pointed out, it is easy for the intentions of a penniless young woman towards a rich older man to be misinterpreted.

The supposedly damning comments of Mr Mellor's in-laws failed to move me either, and I was determined to see the Minister for Heritage retain his rightful place in the Cabinet.

But then came the body-blow. A shocking, damning and incriminating piece of evidence was uncovered which Mr Mellor could not even begin to deny.

He was a friend of a member of my staff.

There can, I am afraid, be no more excuses for Mr Mellor's lack of judgement. He must go — and go quickly.

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
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COLOUR SECTION

THE vultures are swarming around the dismembered limbs of the former Property Services Agency, about to be privatised. Of great interest is the Projects Division, a leading contender for which is the Hanson Group, whose chairman Lord Hanson is one of the very few people in history to have been honoured by Labour *and* Conservative governments (knighted by Harold Wilson, Lorded by Thatcher).

Lord Hanson has just bought the services of a leading politician, Kenneth Baker. Mr Baker will be able to give the best possible advice on the Projects division of the PSA, since he is a former Secretary of State for the environment, the PSA's former owner (and in which capacity the brilliant Mr Baker first proposed the poll tax).

Mr Baker is not the only recently-dropped politician to take up a fat directorship. His colleague Tom King, former Secretary of State for Defence, has joined the Board of Electra, the venture capital firm which is advising the management buy-out team for the *Daily Mirror*.

THE Libyan Government looks increasingly likely to bow to American pressure to give up two of its nationals, allegedly involved in the Lockerbie bombing.

The deal will be struck in September, by which time the Libyans will have had a government reshuffle and the new administration will conveniently permit the examination of the suspects to take place in a European country — possibly Switzerland.

The embargo against Libya will then be dropped by the Americans, but not, of course, before some hard bargains have been struck. The US administration, after gaining justice for the Lockerbie victims, of course, wants huge oil exploration concessions from the Libyans and the purchase of American Boeings to replace the ageing aircraft of Libyan Airlines.

Meanwhile, the Libyans have *some* friends. On Sunday, July 19, Tiny Rowland flew to Accra in Ghana in his Gulfstream 4, registered HB ITZ, with Libyans on board. The plane returned to Geneva on Saturday.

The purpose of Tiny's visit, with his assorted Libyan guests, was to try and negotiate the sale of his extensive mining interests in Ghana to the Libyans.

PAUL Knapmann, the dynamic coroner for Westminster, is not very popular with many of the families of people who died on the Marchioness pleasure boat in August 1989.

For reasons the coroner simply can't understand, one or two of them are still a little shocked that he agreed to, and subsequently supported, the cutting off of hands of some of the dead bodies carried to the mortuary after the disaster.

Permission so to mutilate the bodies was sought by Knacker of the Yard, who argued that the severed hands would be easier to fingerprint.

Knapmann has always claimed that the cutting off of hands was vital for possible identification of victims with criminal records. When one of the bereaved parents had her complaints printed in the *Mail on Sunday* of 22 March, Knapmann complained to the Press Complaints Commission, whose judgement on the matter is still awaited. He also called his own press conference to defend his decision, which further infuriated the distressed families.

After the recent — and scandalous — refusal to allow a private prosecution of the firm which owned the dredger which sank the Marchioness — a decision taken shortly before retirement by the senior London magistrate, Sir David Hopkin — the families went back to the coroner's court for the inquest, which had been adjourned pending the criminal case.

There they applied as politely as they could to Knapmann to take himself off the case and appoint another coroner. Knapmann refused, brushing aside all allegations that he had already made himself so unpopular over the hands question that he should let someone else run the case.

He then blithely announced that all the relevant information about the Marchioness disaster had come out in the criminal cases, so there was no point in continuing with the inquest. This fantastic statement completely ignores the fact that the Hayes report on the disaster, published after the private prosecution, specifically recommended a full public inquiry into rescue services on the Thames — a matter vitally of interest to the Marchioness families. The recommendation, of course, has been turned down by the government.

Knapmann was listened to in open contempt by several of the families, who are now taking his decisions (not to disqualify himself and not to hold a proper inquest) to the Divisional Court for judicial review.

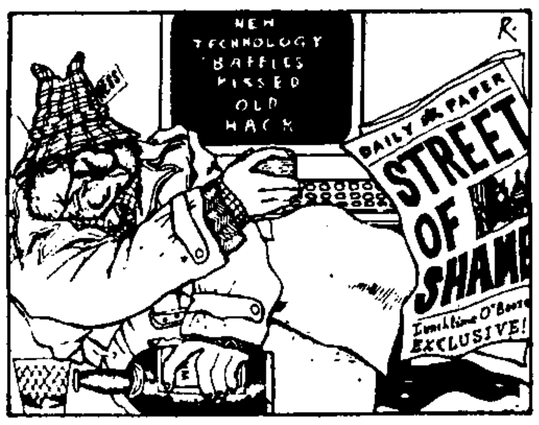
IF an ordinary citizen is attacked by senior judges at the Court of Appeal for withholding information so that the course of justice is seriously affected, he or she might be expected to be punished.

There is a crime called "perverting the course of justice" which might be used against such a person, who is, apparently, only completely safe from retribution if employed by the Director of Public Prosecutions.

In their recent devastating attack on the prosecution in the Judith Ward case, the Court of Appeal judges singled out the failure of prosecution lawyers to disclose certain aspects of Judith Ward's mental history, as well as details of forensic tests which, if disclosed, would have helped the defence.

One of the prosecution lawyers chiefly responsible for this failure to disclose was Mr Michael Bibby. Where is Mr Bibby now, after this scorching criticism? Still at the Crown Prosecution Service, he is in charge of the pending prosecutions for war crimes.

"They found traces of spinach in his sample"



THREE of the commentators on the Mellor affair held back from giving details of their own special relationships with the subject.

Sir Peregrine Worsthorne in his *Sunday Torygraph* column attacked Mellor for his "sleazy private life" and his "wildly imprudent" choice of mistress in Antonia de Sancha, the actress. This was a point he could have amplified by referring to his own experience, since Sir Peregrine's mistress for several years was Moira Fraser, an actress.

Ivan Fallon, deputy editor of the *Sunday Times*, wrote a long background analysis of the means by which Mellor's marital infidelity was exposed. Fallon himself was caught out after the husband of Liz Rees-Jones, Fallon's mistress, employed a private detective to follow the trysting couple. The detective tracked them down to a hotel off Whitehall and also recovered love faxes that they had been sending to each other. Fallon had also been spotted by an *Eye* informer taking his mistress to a P&O dinner on an invitation intended for Mr and Mrs Fallon.

"Cartoonist" Sally Ann Lasson was commissioned by the *Evening Standard* to write an opinion piece arguing that Antonia de Sancha was the true victim of the Mellor affair, since everyone had initially suggested that the actress had wanted to kiss and tell about her relationship with the minister. Unlike Antonia de Sancha, who has apparently not profited from the disclosures, Ms. Lasson herself made approximately £40,000 selling the story of her affair with Viscount Althorp to *The News of the Screws* a couple of years back. Since the *Standard* presumably asked her to write the piece *because* of her connection with a tabloid scandal (she is not a regular contributor to the paper), it seems odd that she forgot to mention this titillating aspect of her past, which resulted in her *nom de guerre* "Silly Ann Legover".

PETER McKay, the *Evening Standard*'s dreary why-oh-why merchant, wrote a typically humbugging piece about the Mellor affair on Monday, calling for the adulterer to resign.

His little sermon was entitled "When the snickers must stop", but there was no stopping the snickers at the thought of McKay as moral arbiter.

As has been well documented over the years, Peter "Are-ye-ready-for-me-lassie?" McLie has a reputation in the field of extra-marital legover that makes poor old Mellor look like Cliff Richard.

IN A long, supercilious article about Antonia de Sancha for last Wednesday's *Daily Express*, Paul Callan noted that "despite rather grand claims of having attended Roedean, the leading girl's [*sic*] public school, Antonia was a pupil at Hampden House, in Great Hampden, Buckinghamshire."

Presumably the author of this lofty put-down cannot be the same Paul Callan who for many years made equally "grand" claims to be an Old Etonian — until the *Eye* eventually revealed, to his shame and mortification, that he was in fact educated at the West Norwood County Secondary School.

WHILE most of the press was overdosing on the Mellor drama, the coverage in last Sunday's *Observer* was curiously muted.

There was a small piece tucked away on page 3, as against the two-page or four-page spreads in other papers; and there was an editorial which, unlike every other leader-column, sided unequivocally with Mellor against the Fourth Estate.

Few people, the newspaper observed, had "spotless" private lives, and it was "a disgrace to a free press" for details of marital transgressions to be revealed in public print.

It is, of course, the merest coincidence that this editorial was supervised by Donald "Dirty Don" Trelford, who suffered huge embarrassment a few years ago when his own flirtations with Pamella Bordes were gleefully exposed by the tabloids.

***EVENING Standard* editor Stewart Steven has made an encouraging start by dispensing with the services of the Hon. Christopher Monckton (while Monckton was on holiday abroad), but his comments on the BBC's World at One about the Mellor affair were a little rich.**

He suggested that Mellor's position in the Cabinet was fast becoming untenable since he would from now on be regarded as a figure of fun whom nobody would take seriously.

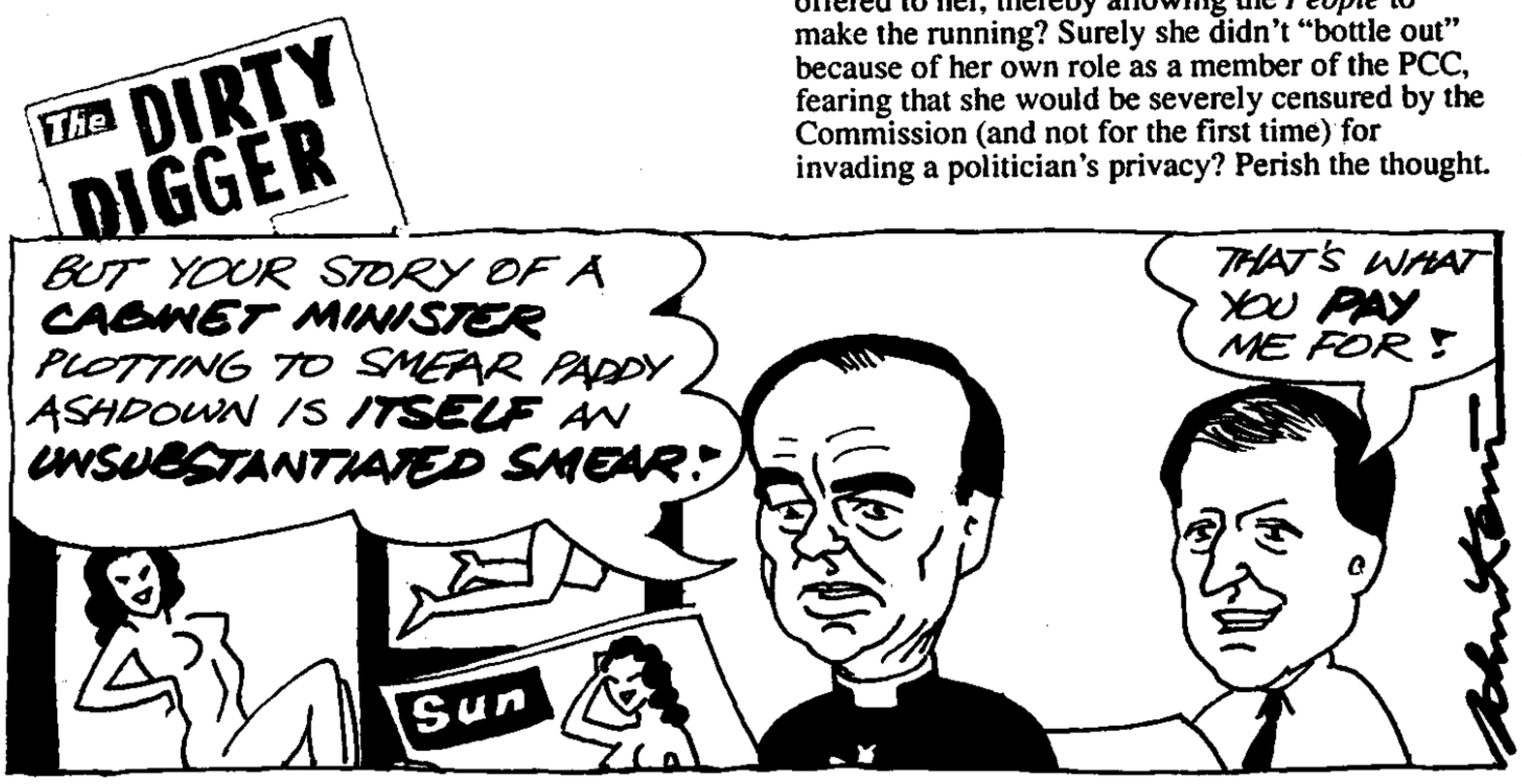
Could this be the same Stewart Steven who was hoodwinked a few years ago into believing that Hitler's protege, Martin Bormann, was still alive? Could it also be the same Stewart Steven who, as editor of the *Mail on Sunday*, famously suffered a minor heart attack while "on the job" in a Brighton hotel room with the paper's then medical correspondent, Sue Douglas?

PATSY Chapman, the half-witted Essex Girl who edits the *News of the Screws*, likes to threaten hacks who get facts wrong with the sack. So will she now be firing herself for making such a hash of reporting last week's meeting of the pathetic Press Complaints Commission, of which she is a member?

After breathlessly telling assorted TV crews on her way into the meeting that she would resign if the PCC accepted an "adulterers' charter", she later emerged to tell them the PCC had ruled that the Mellor story was in the public interest. Her statement led the lunchtime news on TV, radio and the PA wire service.

Alas, the PCC's doddery chairman, Lord McGregor, then had to issue a corrective statement pointing out that the Commission had not even ruled on the Mellor case, or on the deviously-acquired tapes of his phone calls to Antonia de Sancha. They had merely issued a woolly statement about politicians and privacy in general. Poor, dim Patsy had misunderstood the decision. As she confessed to the *Daily Telegraph*, "I am an idiot."

Meanwhile, hacks at the *Screws* have been puzzled by Chapman's vigorous public defence of the Mellor revelations. Why then, they wonder, did she turn the story down when it was originally offered to her, thereby allowing the *People* to make the running? Surely she didn't "bottle out" because of her own role as a member of the PCC, fearing that she would be severely censured by the Commission (and not for the first time) for invading a politician's privacy? Perish the thought.


The DIRTY DIGGER
BUT YOUR STORY OF A CABINET MINISTER PLOTTING TO SMEAR PADDY ASHDOWN IS ITSELF AN UNSUBSTANTIATED SMEAR!
THAT'S WHAT YOU PAY ME FOR!
Sun

SPARE a thought for Andrew Warshaw, chief sports correspondent of *The European*, who is laughingly described by fellow hacks as the only sports correspondent who doesn't correspond.

The paper's sports editor Peter Burrington (son of dismissed Mirror Group boss Ernie "I vos only obeying orders" Burrington) has decided that Warshaw will not be covering the Barcelona Olympics, presumably for budgetary reasons. This decision was challenged by Warshaw, who went over Burrington's head to editor Charlie Garside, though to no avail.

Warshaw, who was with Associated Press for 13 years, has not had much fun as chief sports correspondent of *The European*. So far he has not only been prevented from attending the Olympics, but was also prevented from attending the European Football Championship in Sweden and even the European Cup Final at Wembley.

THE editor of *The Sunday Times Magazine*, Robin "Moron" Morgan, impressed everyone with his sophistication at a recent luncheon for various members of staff and contributors at Pont de la Tour, Sir Terence Conran's restaurant near Tower Bridge.

The conversation turned to the paper's revelations about the state of the marriage between Prince Charles and the Princess of Wales, and Morgan re-told a plainly apocryphal Fleet Street yarn about Charles catching his wife *in flagrante* with King Juan Carlos of Spain while on holiday a couple of years ago. The story was both too disgusting to print and too untrue for even the *Sunday Times* to print. When some of the luncheon guests expressed scepticism about the story, Morgan demanded a straw poll, inviting everyone to vote and shouting "blow-job" very loudly at the end of his question.

Such are the servants of the public interest.

JOCELYN "Miss" Targett, the ludicrous *Grauniad* arts editor, has had another piece pulled from later editions of the paper, once again after editor Peter Preston saw it. This time it was about an art exhibition which involved the mounting of dog carcasses on walls and was illustrated with gruesome photos. Like a previous feature, which was illustrated with photos of black men's penises, this proved too much for Preston.

Meanwhile, a copy of a fax to Targett has come into our possession. It is from *Modern Review* editor Toby "Toyboy" Young. "Here is the piece on multi-million-dollar art movies... This is the best piece I've done for you — please sub it yourself so nothing gets fucked up. The only way we can beat them is by doing good work." What is he talking about?

IN the days after Cap'n Bob went overboard last autumn, there was much talk about whether or not Betty Maxwell would be able to claim on his £20 million life insurance policy. (If he turned out to have committed suicide, the policy would be invalid.) Since then, however, little more has been heard on the subject.

There are, in fact, not one but three policy-holders — the Maxwell family companies, Maxwell Communication Corporation and Mirror Group Newspapers. The Mirror Group, desperate for cash, has now begun to badger the insurers for the loot, arguing that Maxwell's watery demise was obviously an accident.

This is all very well. But which was the first British newspaper to proclaim that the Cap'n had killed himself? Step forward the *Sunday Mirror*.

Grovel

SO WHO was the "flamboyant literary figure" who, according to last weekend's *Sunday Times*, enjoyed a brief flirtation with Antonia de Sancha but then "misread her" and was instantly dropped from her address book?

The *Sunset Times* did not name him. In fact, the clumsy lothario in question was the newspaper's own literary editor, John Walsh.

VARIOUS members of staff of the Consumers' Association followed a recent party to celebrate the fifth anniversary of John Beishan as director with a visit to transvestite nightclub Madame JoJos.

The first taxi-load arrived and gained admittance, while the second party were barred from entry on the grounds that the *Which?* gardening editor was too tired and emotional. When the first party learnt about this, they demanded their money back, a request to which the club's door staff grudgingly acceded. However, *Which?* executive editor Jill Gritorex insisted on staying to finish the drink she had paid for. Again, the club's staff agreed, but asked her companions to wait for her on the doorstep.

The whole business so angered *Which?* editor Sue Legate that she burst into tears, then punched the bouncer in the face. The man had to be held back while shouting at his departing assailant, "If you weren't a woman I'd kill you" — an odd remark given the location.

THUGGISH Bruce Anderson, the *Sunday Express* political columnist, has attempted to blackball Simon Heffer, deputy editor of *The Spectator*, from the Beefsteak Club, for no other reason than that Heffer has been vigorously attacking Mr Major over Maastricht.

Fortunately, it seems that common sense and decency have prevailed. Frank Johnson has dissuaded "Brute" from such an ungentlemanly act.

THOSE in the know have been wondering why Jules Lubbock, architectural critic and guru, is no longer mentioned as the prime mover and director of the Prince of Wales' visionary architectural university in Italy.

Smooth architectural adviser and journalist Colin Amery and the more volatile Lubbock went to see the passionate Prince at Highgrove some months ago to discuss the university course.

Much to the embarrassment of Amery, Lubbock said to the Prince that he thought it was time his contract and terms of employment were discussed as he had a wife and children to support.

The Prince excused himself from the room, and a few minutes later a minion entered, suggesting to poor Lubbock that he find his own way back to London.

● *WHATEVER happened to Joe Wilkins, the drug smuggler who managed to escape from Ford open prison soon after ensuring that his family were paid good money by the Sunday Times for evidence he promised to give in a libel action?*

According to a recent letter to the Drug Squad at Scotland Yard, Wilkins is living well at an Eldorado-style address in Spain, where he regularly gives £50 tips at the best eateries. He goes under a dull pseudonym, uses another pseudonym for his mobile phone, and boasts that he is safe because he gives such excellent information both to Scotland Yard and to the Spanish police.

Pseuds Corner

Thatcher's office in London said she would be acting [for the Philip Morris tobacco company] as "an ad hoc consultant on geo-political issues."

Sunday Times

The record's ineffable sensuousness suggested that its chief creator had achieved that delicate equilibrium of yin and yang yearned for by many but experienced by only a few.

ADAM SWEETING
(on "Stars" by Simply Red)
Guardian

You Ethiopians just wouldn't get this, would you? You wouldn't understand it. Food is a big problem here, too. Food problems are killing us. Our health minister, Virginia Bottomley, said it in Parliament last week; if we sorted out our relationship with food, we wouldn't be dying so much. But we can't do it. We just can't do it. We're eating ourselves to death. I know what you Ethiopians are thinking, too. You're thinking: if *only*. You're thinking: if I was in that situation I'd just eat enough to keep me alive. That's all I'd need! Or maybe you're thinking: I'd just eat enough to keep me alive, and maybe one blowout meal every couple of weeks. You reckon you could keep it down to just salads and fresh fruit, with a bowl of bran in the morning, don't you? Well, come over here and have a look around. It's disgusting. It's obscene.

WILLIAM LEITH
Independent on Sunday

More than £200 is a lot to pay for a pen, when a functionally similar device can be bought for 50p, but in troubled times more than £200 is a not a lot to pay for something which adds a little magic even to signing the community charge cheque. In the future, the restoration of such simple but fundamental pleasures will play an increasing role in commerce and manufacturing. The pen, once again, is a paradigm of industrial culture. It is not only mightier than the sword, it has replaced it as an item of day-to-day personal heraldry.

STEPHEN BAYLEY
Times

For a long time I had imagined having a washbasin that was more like a fountain or baptismal font than the usual, purely functional object. So when I was working out the plan for this house with the architect, John Pawson, we came up with this design.

It's totally freestanding — a hollowed-out hemisphere of white Carrara marble on top of a square-cut plinth. The taps are plumbed into the wall and the spout comes up out of the floor and curves over into the basin from a height of about four feet, so the top is like a bowl — clean and pure and uninterrupted by any details. It is cantilevered asymmetrically on to the base to give a wonderful profile from any angle. It almost works as a piece of sculpture.

DORIS LOCKHART SAATCHI
Weekend Telegraph

One of the puzzles in finance is the empirical failure of the so-called expectations of the hypothesis of the term structure of interest rates. It relates the yields on longer term bonds to expected future yields on short term bonds.

In a recent paper, EUI Professor Fabio Canova and Jean Monnet fellow Jane Marrinan suggest a solution to the puzzle. They use an intertemporal optimization model to explain variations in the risk premia that people require when holding long term bonds. Such time varying risk premia are empirically unobservable and could provide the missing link in the term structure theory. Simulations show that their model can reproduce empirical facts about the term structure.

European University Institute
Research Report

Seb Coe's posture evokes Calvary. Outstretched arms, tortured neck muscles and sunken eyes seeing the limit of endurance.

MIKE LANGLEY
Daily Mirror

CONTRIBUTORS: Anon, E. Strobes, Anon, David Ward, Jeanne & John Fryer, Peter Barron, Frances Templeton.

£10 paid for entries

"FAGGY" Thatcher has, I hear, been discussing an even more controversial job than that of flogging cigarettes to the third world (or as the PR handouts in the *Sunday Telegraph* would have it, advising tobacco giant Philip Morris on its "non cigarette interests".

The money-grubbing Baroness has been talking to Rupert Murdoch about a role in the Evil Empire. I suppose, after all the help she gave him, it's only fair...

● *MY friend Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill is often accused, quite unfairly, of being chippy, but I can offer evidence of his relaxed attitude towards matters of social class.*

I overheard "Brillo Pad" recently in Tramp telling a female friend why he is so enamoured of dining at Christopher's, the Covent Garden eaterie owned by Christopher Gilmour, son of Sir Ian Gilmour Bart. "I love being served by an aristocrat," he explained.

WHILE Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill still struggles to distance himself from the "amateur Nazi" David Irving — as witness last week's *Sunset Times* feature on anti-semitism, clearly printed as a sop to all those readers outraged by the paper's deal with Herr Irving — we learn of a more intimate link between the two men.

"Brillo Pad", as we revealed in the last *Eye*, has recently been much taken by the charms of 27-year-old Philippa Jane Leach, a blonde and statuesque secretary on the *Mail on Sunday* who has also excited the admiration of Nigel Pratt-Dumpster. It now transpires that before joining the *Mail*, Leach worked as "personal assistant" to none other than David Irving.

In February 1989, Leach — or "Ginge", as she is known to intimates — travelled with Irving to Key West, Florida, where she spent two months helping the great historian prepare a revised edition of his book *Hitler's War*, which denies that Adolf knew anything about the Holocaust. (While she was there, incidentally, Irving was visited by two American neo-Nazis who seemed to be great chums of his and were also conspicuously homosexual. But she soon learned that there was nothing gay about her employer: she told friends that Irving was "getting rather gropey" towards her.)

The Irving connection is not the only reason why Neill, Dumpster and Philippa Leach's many other admirers should perhaps be wary of her. In 1990, when Leach fell out with her last live-in lover, City ship-broker Richard Thomas, she promptly had him arrested and charged with "threatening behaviour" after an animated discussion over the ownership of a large silk hat which he had bought for her. He was eventually acquitted of all charges and awarded costs.

In his statement to the court, Thomas gave an illuminating account of what happened when Leach told him she was ending their affair. "I walked into the room and I saw a list of telephone numbers," he said. "The names were exclusively of males. I said to her: 'Back to your old ways.' She replied: 'At least they have connections and they are members of Tramp's, unlike you!'"

● *MY FORMER colleague Nigel Pratt-Dumpster has once again shown himself to be less than expert when it comes to matters aristocratic.*

A recent puff for Princess Michael of Kent's "milestone 50th birthday" mentioned that an event to celebrate the occasion was attended by "a smattering of Almanach de Goethe", by which Dumspter meant assorted foreign toffs.

FACT: The Almanach de Gotha is the name of the famous directory of the European aristocracy. Johann Goethe (1749-1832) was a German poet and playwright.

Pip Pip!

BUMPER

THE prominent Tory best informed about Paddy Ashdown's love-life is no longer a member of the Cabinet. Step forward His Excellency, the Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Christopher Patten.

Members of the staff of Conservative Central Office can still recall his internal walkabouts to pep up morale during the election, when Patten referred to Ashdown and shook an imaginary bag of beans in his hand — which, it was widely assumed, he was about to spill.

ONE of John Smith's early tasks will be to find replacements for Labour's two prominent Maxwell peer spokesmen in the Lords, Williams of Elvel, still the party's deputy Leader, and Donoughue, the financial affairs spokesman.

It might be hard to find someone who knows as much about finance as Donoughue (despite his well-known modesty) but it ought not be too difficult to appoint someone more numerate than Smith himself.

THE presentation of the results in Labour's leadership contest gave a misleading impression. They showed (to three decimal points) that John Smith had won 23.164 per cent of the 270 MPs' votes and Bryan Gould only 6.186 per cent. These were not actually percentages; they were proportions of the 30 per cent allocated to the MPs.

In real terms, this means that 207 MPs voted for Smith and 63 — nearly a quarter of the Parliamentary Labour Party — voted against him and for Gould. Probably more than half of Smith's supporters would be in the "Gissajob" category and, knowing that he was certain to win because of the union support, felt that they had better come out for him. The remarkable thing is how many, despite these considerations, voted for Gould.

TONY Blair is the latest in a long line of bright young-ish things from the Labour Party front bench to be named sorrowfully as the "Leader Labour missed" (Barbara Black, née Amiel, et al.) and promoted as the next-Prime-Minister-but-one.

Those who have had this treatment in the past include Eric Varley, Richard Marsh, Robert Kilroy-Silk, Brian Walden, Alf Robens, Wilfred Fienburgh, Gerry Reynolds, Tony Crosland, David Owen, Shirley Williams, Roy Jenkins, Arthur Bottomley (no relation) and others too obscure to recall. What they have in common is that they mostly belong to the Tory-minded wing of the Labour Party.

DR John Reid, the Labour MP for Motherwell North since 1987 and a junior Opposition spokesman, was noticeable by his absence from the recent ballot for the Shadow Cabinet, despite widespread expectations that he would stand.

The reason for this is that Reid is frequently tired and emotional and finds difficulty avoiding controversial physical entanglements. Readers may recall an *Eye* scoop about former Opposition leader Neil Kinnock arriving late for a division and finding that the door was closed in his face (precisely seven minutes after the division bell had rung, as is the rule). On that occasion, Kinnock jammed his foot in the door and became abusive when the doorkeeper refused to admit him into the division lobby, much to the embarrassment of veteran Labour Members standing nearby.

On Tuesday 7 July, Dr Reid went one better than Kinnochio. He actually pushed the doorkeeper over, causing the man to bump his head. This was witnessed by Tory MP Teresa Gorman, who went to comfort the fallen man. Although the doorkeeper, a fellow Scot, kept quiet about his injury, the incident was nonetheless reported to the Speaker and Sergeant-at-Arms.

The following day, Wednesday 8 July, Dr Reid was at it again. This time he managed to find a sparring partner in Gerry Bermingham, Labour MP for St Helens South. The setting for this stromash was Annie's Bar and the altercation was witnessed by, among others, the Labour Party whip for Scotland, James Dunnachie, who later amused colleagues with a witty description of the two MPs' flailing efforts. "They were giving each other colds with the breeze from their punches," he was heard to say. However, Dr Reid managed to land a blow on Bermingham.

No doubt when he came to reflect upon these two unfortunate incidents, he concluded that his gaining a more prominent front-bench job would only increase the possibility of his causing embarrassment to the party.

THE news that Tory MP Tim ("The Spider") Smith has replaced Lord Maxwell Beaverbrook as treasurer of the Conservative Party has been greeted with great interest in the City.

For Smith has assiduously collected a clutch of lucrative consultancies in his ten years as MP for Beaconsfield. He is currently a consultant to City accountants Price Waterhouse, the British Venture Capital Association, Omitec Ltd and the Commodity Traders Group. He is also a director of Gartmore Value Investments plc.

Smith has not been idle on behalf of his clients. In 1987, 1988 and 1990 he put down Commons questions asking Ministers for detailed information on their management consultancy contracts.

It transpired that this data was not for the MP's constituents or the public but for his client — Price Waterhouse. "This is commercial information which is of interest to them," acknowledged Smith, "as it is to anybody who is competing in the market... I'm perfectly prepared to defend this. It's not against the rules of the House."

How Smith now acts towards his paymasters should be closely monitored. Will he resign his consultancies and avoid any conflict of interests? Or will Price Waterhouse suddenly be awarded a management consultancy contract by Tory Central office? Watch this space.

IS THE Sir Marcus Fox, chairman of the Committee of Selection that has dumped Nicholas Winterton, the scourge of health privatisation, the same Sir Marcus Fox who has interests in health service privatisation companies (*Eyes, passim*)? Surely not.

DR John Marek, the Labour MP for Wrexham, writes a "Westminster Notebook" column in the *Wrexham Leader*. A recent item attacked Sir James Blyth, chief executive of Boots, for receiving a salary bonus of £186,000, thus taking his total pay for the year to £571,000. Dr Marek did not, however, have similar qualms a week earlier when he voted for an increase in allowances for MPs, despite a government recommendation of restraint.

ONE of the MPs most keen to vote himself a 38 per cent increase in his parliamentary expenses recently was Jerry Wiggin, Tory member for Weston-super-Mare.

Wiggin pleaded the case in the Commons debate but then later let slip what many believe the extra cash is used for. An MP needed extra secretarial assistance, Wiggin told the *Times*, "to keep his diary, deal with phone calls and *help him in his outside business interests*" (our emphasis).

Wiggin's view that the taxpayer should subsidise his moonlighting activities will no doubt be of interest to his Somerset constituents. So will his "outside business interests".

For the record their MP is an adviser to the British Marine Industries Federation and a consultant to Sears plc and the British Sugar Corporation (the latter while being chairman of the Select Committee on Agriculture).

AMBITIOUS Tory new boy Peter Luff, MP for Worcester, has penned a salutary profile of former Trade and Industry Secretary, Lord "Suit" Young. Writing in the *Tory Evening Standard*, Luff pours paeans of praise on Young (he of Great Rover Rip-off fame) for his "industrial strategy".

Luff, a former political lobbyist, gushes: "Young's most dramatic innovation was, of course, the Enterprise Initiative (*What's that? Ed.*), with its celebrated "blue flash" advertising campaign... That campaign was one of the great successes of Lord Young's term at the DTI, drawing to the attention of business the consequences of Government activity."

How strange that Luff failed to mention once in his page-long eulogy that he was Lord Young's Special Advisor and bagman throughout his period at the DTI.

TORY MP Neil Hamilton is now the Department of Trade junior minister responsible for competition policy.

Despite being an avowed free marketeer, he was not averse to taking the brewers' shilling back in 1989 when he was appointed paid parliamentary consultant to the Brewers' Society. His job then was to lobby against the Monopolies and Mergers Commission report and the resultant reforms proposed by competition freak Lord Young.

Stop the knocking says fun minister

Morning Advertiser

EVIDENCE from Bethnal Green suggests that it is not only the higher echelons of the Conservative Party who believe in the "dirty tricks" school of campaigning.

During the recent General Election, Tory candidate Jane Emmerson complained that she had been "verbally and physically assaulted" by opposition party workers.

The Local Rag carried a story a week before polling day headlined "Brave Jane". The article claimed that Ms Emmerson had reported the *incident* to police, but in a fit of magnanimity had not pressed charges.

When questioned about Ms Emmerson's allegations the local constabulary at Leman Street stated that they had no record of any such complaint from the defeated Tory.

Neither Liberal nor Labour workers are aware of any physical assault and are surprised that a member of the party of law and order should not pursue the perpetrators of such a dastardly deed.

Such inconsistencies and the poor third place achieved by "Brave Jane" make her re-selection as Parliamentary Candidate less than a formality.

THURROCK Conservative Association is already looking for a new candidate for the next general election.

Members have decided that, in the event of defeated MP Tim Janman declining to stand for the highly marginal seat next time round, they wish to be represented by former Billericay MP Harvey Proctor, who was drummed out of that seat in 1987 after being prosecuted for his homosexual spanking activities with an under-age man.

It is understood that rabid right-winger Proctor, who was recently set upon by queerbashing youths in his Richmond gentlemen's shirt emporium, is willing to stand for the Thurrock constituency, which is in his old Essex stamping ground.

THE Plasser railway equipment corruption trial, which is due to open at the Old Bailey in September, could last for weeks.

The most prominent defendant is the Tory MP for Greenford, and pillar of the Church of England, Harry Greenway, who has been a consultant to Plasser — an Austrian firm whose head office in this country is in Greenway's constituency.

The most senior British Rail official to be indicted is the former director of engineering, Stuart Currie. Witnesses are expected to include two former chairmen of British Rail, Sir Peter Parker and Sir Robert Reid, and several other members and ex-members of the British Rail board.

These include Michael Posner, who might have become chief economic adviser to the government if Labour had won the election. Posner was chairman of the BR supplies committee at the time of the alleged offences.

THE fragrant Gerald Kaufperson has been chosen to chair the new Heritage (Freebies) Select Committee, a body stuffed with clapped-out ministers and elderly MPs who sold out their votes to the government whips over the Maastricht Bill.

One of the Committee's first "tasks" to be conducted at the taxpayer's expense will be a visit to Cairo to evaluate the way in which the Egyptians look after their heritage. This seems a little odd since the pyramids are thought to be crumbling by the minute and, with much of the Egyptian population living in poverty, little attention has been paid to restoration of the country's ancient sights. Yet Cairo is one of the few non-dry Muslim countries and still boasts some intriguing nightlife.

DESPITE the suspension of more than a hundred allegedly socialist Coventry Labour Party members in the wake of Dave Nellist, the area's former superspartish MP, the local arch witch-hunters who instigated the purge have quit Labour in disgust over the party's failure to expel the accused without a hearing.

Joan and Charlie Ward, both former councillors in Britain's most historic city, themselves drew up the 127-strong hit-list for Walworth Road Labour HQ. They even supplied Walworth Road with photographs of party members allegedly canvassing for Nellist at the General Election at the expense of the official Coventry South-east Labour candidate. Not that this was too difficult, since most of Coventry Labour Party was out on the streets working for the banned Trot.

But when they found that Walworth Road, with a rare pang of conscience, wanted to give the accused a fair trial, they tore up their party cards.

Funnily enough, it turns out that not all those caught up in the purge deserved to be cleansed. Some party members who refused to support Coventry's assorted "independent" Labour candidates (*Eyes* passim) have been suspended anyway.

These include former Coventry councillor George Ready, whose wife put up a Nellist poster while he was in hospital following a heart attack, without his knowledge, as well as a number of people who left the party up to seven years ago; presumably they will be allowed to re-join so that their suspensions can be realistically invoked.

Meanwhile, Nellist's brave stand in refusing to pay Thatch's poll tax has come to a humiliating end. The outstanding bill was docked from his wages after magistrates had placed an attachment-of-earnings order only a week after he had started his new job as a legal adviser (*sic*) with a firm of Coventry solicitors.

LABOUR'S left-wing weekly *Tribune* has published an humiliating apology to the Labour Party for implying that the Shadow Communications Agency (SCA, aka the spin doctors), which master-minded the General Election defeat, received secret funding from the nuclear industry.

It refers to an article by journalist John Booth. What it does not say is what was left out.

The original article asked: "Was our Euro embrace — and the SCA — funded in whole or part by Brussels cash, as has been alleged? How much nuclear industry money was filtered into the movement in recent years...?"

An indignant Dave Hill, the Party's director of communications, was immediately offered space for an article or for a Letter to the Editor. Instead, there came a letter from Gregory, Rowcliffe & Milners, solicitors ("We act for the Labour Party").

It stated that *Tribune*'s offer to print a Letter was "not acceptable". They wanted a formal apology, saying that the SCA received no funds from either Brussels or the nuclear industry. *Tribune* dropped the word "Brussels", and the Labour Party accepted, without a murmur.

Has the party gone so far into the Establishment, supporters are asking, that instead of engaging in debate in a friendly paper, it prefers to rush to a solicitor? And why, they are wondering, was the Labour Party so ready not to insist on any mention of money from Brussels?

Labour's 45 MEPs get a total of £280,000 a year "information money". Most goes to a single European information campaign, so sums have gone to Philip Gould Associates — commissioned by the European Parliamentary Labour Party to carry out publicity. Gould was a key figure in the Shadow Communications Agency.

In three years, £850,000 has been paid into European Parliamentary Labour Party funds. Many find it puzzling that so little evidence of it is to be seen. And that the Labour Party did not insist on *Tribune* withdrawing its allegation about "Brussels".

There has been no reply to repeated attempts to contact Philip Gould Associates.

THE NEW GIRLS (4)

Ann Coffey

THE new member for Stockport, Ann Coffey, is a whingey mega-lomanic social worker from Inverness whose feeble grasp of the complexities of government is unlikely to see her cavort beyond the back benches of Her Majesty's loyal and eternal Opposition.

Coffey is that unnecessary rarity in British politics, an MP and a councillor. Indeed, Leftie commentator Robert Harris must have had Coffey in mind when he derided many of Labour's 1992 intake as "deadbeat local councillors" in his *Sunday Times* column.

But rather than do the decent thing and quit her town hall seat on beating ex-John Major PPS, Tony Favell, for the Stockport seat, Coffey quenched her power-lust by standing for re-election to Stockport council in her South Reddish ward.

So how does this superwoman — a mum as well! — manage to perform the onerous tasks of championing Stockport's cause at Westminster and Reddish's cause at Stockport so adeptly? She doesn't.

Under Coffey, Stockport council's Labour Group was a stumbling, fumbling body, set in a hapless ruling coalition with the Liberals.

Although the latter had more seats, the council's endless, radical initiatives and right-on stances came from Labour, especially the endless whinges about Britain's collapsing economy under Thatch and Maj.

Funny, then, how Coffey's Labour Group allowed council finance chiefs to invest more than £1 million with the Bank of Credit and Commerce International without a murmur — and has singularly failed to explain its actions since the bank's collapse.

Her greatest achievement in four years as Labour leaderene was the opening of the town's Grand Central Station leisure complex, with its tasteless collection of theme pubs, cafe bars and cheapo restaurants, designed to attract every thug within a ten-mile radius and, in an area highly conscious of conserving northern pride, incongruously sporting a pastiche London Underground logo.

As an MP and back-bench councillor, Coffey now laments the council's failure to grab a slice of the local Olympic action.

She wants the town hall to back a £25 million local hockey stadium in preparation for nearby Manchester's bid — while conveniently forgetting that her administration sanctioned the building of a non-Olympic swimming pool on a prime town centre site. Stockport must now privatise various council assets to pay for it.

Conveniently her path to political status has been eased by not being shackled with the burden of a job in the harsh world of the private sector.

She was a "team leader" of a fostering and adoption unit in Oldham up till the General Election, and had previously worked in a number of suitably caring social work posts, having read sociology at the chief finishing school for failed Sparts, South Bank Poly, during the heady student revolutionary days of the mid-60s.

Indeed, in 1978 she joined Stockport as a social worker, but the poacher soon turned gamekeeper, leaving the council's employ and winning election to it in 1984, thereby allowing her the chance to achieve her lifelong aim of increasing the proportion of wimmin at Westminster, starting, of course, with herself.

Sadly, the Tory-marginal Cheadle seat eluded her in 1987; obviously a more influential standing in Stockport socialist circles was needed. With admirable guile she began to manoeuvre to oust the incumbent council Labour group leader, Allan Mobbs. It wasn't hard.

Mobbs represented the old-fashioned cap-doffing paternalistic socialism; Coffey, with her close-crop unisex haircut and dangly earrings, was the archetypal trendy London-styled Labour leftie, then still a novelty amongst the tripe shops and allotments of Stockport.

In 1988 Mobbs went on holiday to Turkey. The day after he returned he lost a no-confidence motion by one vote and Coffey became leader.

'Backbiter'

TV

Fighting Back (BBC1)

Men Talk (C4)

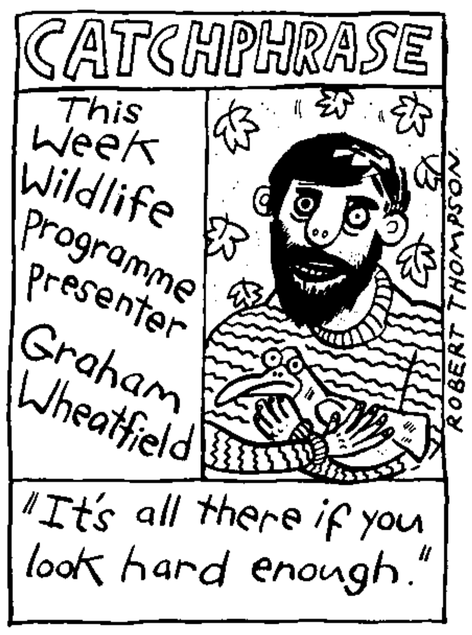
THERE comes a dreadful moment for the presenters of all popular media series when they realise that they are themselves prevented from taking advantage of the programme's format.

Thus, Melvyn Bragg is the only living British novelist unable to plug his books on either *The South Bank Show* or *Start The Week*. Sue Lawley must dream of saying, as a guest reveals a favourite disc, "Ah, that's one of mine and, incidentally, here are the other seven". And Desmond Wilcox, producer and presenter of the BBC love-and-blub series *The Visit*, was forever stuck with being the conduit for heart-warming stories rather than softening his crusty public reputation with a tear-jerker yarn of his own.

Shrewdly, though, Des saw that Lynn Redgrave's *Fighting Back* — BBC1's latest sod-the-quality offering — could be used as a helpline for a presenter with this problem. Lynn kindly agreed to allow him to intrude a kind of *My Visit To Me* as part of her own series. The exercise was a particularly extreme attempt to show that Wilcox has a heart. He discussed his emergency by-pass surgery of a few years ago. He also robed up to Visit (*geddit?*) a fellow sufferer being operated on by his own surgeon.

While even Square Eyes isn't nasty enough to wish that Wilcox's life-saving operation had gone the other way, there was a certain satisfaction in the extent to which his personal PR exercise backfired and, moreover, went wrong in the way most likely to cause him complicated emotions. The feel-good-about-me factor was ambushed by the apparent decision of Redgrave (or, more likely, her producers) that Wilcox's real box office value was as Husband Of Esther.

Wilcox said that, because of breathlessness and a slight pain in the shoulder, he had decided to visit a doctor. "Who got you to the doctor? Was it *Esther*?", Redgrave interrupted. The doctor had told him he was on the verge of a fatal coronary. "Did you tell *Esther* right away?", reacted Redgrave. Confirmation that the hidden agenda was Esther came when Wilcox let slip that his wife had kissed him as he was wheeled off for the operation. "You were whisked off to theatre being kissed by *Esther*!", gushed Redgrave. "A nice way to go!" There may have been those among the viewers who


CATCHPHRASE
This Week Wildlife Programme Presenter Graham Wheatfield
"It's all there if you look hard enough."
ROBERT THOMPSON

disagreed. Tacitly confirming her husband's status as supporting actor in the programme, Dame Esther was brought on at the end, as battily husky-sincere as Thatcher, to recall her part in his recovery. Strangely, it has not been common for other celebrities interviewed in this series to have to bring their relatives along.

But, even with Esther, the programme still lacked one thing. The real point of these series is for the interviewee to weep. Wilcox, as a general of the genre, knows this well, but could not bring himself to comply. Panicked by his lack of lachrymosity, Redgrave tried the emergency retrospective technique. "Did you ever cry?", she asked. "Yes", admitted Wilcox. Redgrave relaxed. An American interviewer at this point would have said something like "Show us how you cried", but British television has not sunk to those depths yet. *Fighting Back*, though, shows that it is getting close.

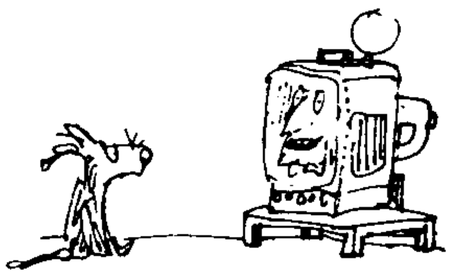
For example, with a cold-hearted egotism exceptional even for a series like this, no further news was given of the patient whose by-pass surgery Wilcox had witnessed, thus confirming that the poor man was merely a prop for a celebrity's reminiscences. In the circumstances, there was more than a little justice in Wilcox discovering that he himself was merely a prop for yet another show about Saint Esther.

But one of the strengths of television is that it is hard for those to appear on it to control its effects. Will, a self-loving participant in the new series of *Men Talk* (C4) clearly saw himself emerging as a macho, laddish hero. In fact, he came out looking like a prick. This is a bogus show, which pretends that, because of Aids, there is anthropological significance in men boasting about their willies on television.

Hence, after every burst of phallic anecdotage, the presenter, Richard Jobson, asks the ritual Aids-age question: "Did you practice safe sex?" In the first series, there were still men prepared to say that they didn't, usually dragging out the crack about washing your feet with your socks on. It seems now, however, that the approved response is that they did have safe sex, but lots and lots and lots of it. Cue more raunchy stories. The Channel 4 station announcement admitted that it was something more primitive than anthropological concern which had driven the participants: "The chance of fame (or infamy) proved a powerful force in overcoming the reticence of men." The hard and straight truth.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS



TELETEXT UK, the Associated Newspapers-backed company which recently won the franchise to replace Oracle as ITV's teletext service, has reneged on one of its pledges — months before it even starts transmitting. In its franchise application to the ITC, the firm (led by Sir David English and his former deputy at the *Daily Mail*, "Mad" Rod Gilchrist) promised to use satellite transmission. Now, it has quietly dropped the idea.

A small matter, maybe, but it does make some observers wonder how scrupulously Teletext UK will adhere to its other commitments — notably the promise to provide "politically independent" news coverage. Much of the copy used by the new service will be provided by the *Mail*, not famed for its political fairness.

Questions are also being asked about the company's "poaching" methods. In *Eye* 795 we revealed that Lawrence Lawson, the sales manager of Oracle, was secretly working for Sir David Fester's mob while both companies were preparing their franchise bids. When his duplicity was discovered, Oracle sacked Lawson for "gross misconduct". He is now sales director of Teletext UK.

Now our attention has been drawn to the case of Martin Cooper, Teletext UK's technical director. He was previously employed by the BBC's competing service, Ceefax. He announced his resignation to Ceefax editor Graham Norwood in May, just as Norwood was about to leave for a month's working secondment in Singapore — thus ensuring Ceefax was disadvantaged as much as possible. To rub it in, Cooper then poached Norwood's secretary and three BBC teletext engineers.

Well, all's fair in love and war. However, in the months before he left, Cooper was entrusted with the task of updating the "technical specification" of Ceefax. He was thus able to use the BBC service as a testbed for technical innovations — the results of which would be very useful to Teletext UK. Had he, at the time he was doing this work, already been secretly recruited by the rival firm?

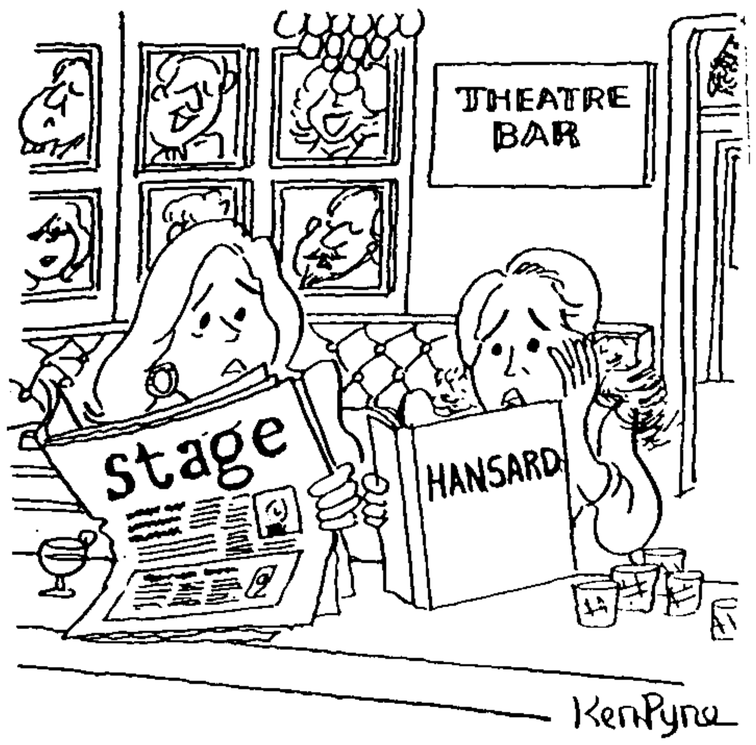
"This sounds increasingly like the sort of conversation I shouldn't have without legal advice", Cooper said when the *Eye* posed the question last week. But if it is untrue that he was hired by Teletext UK several months before he told his then employers, surely a simple denial would suffice? "I can't deny it", he replied. "But when you print it, I'll sue you."

JUST FANCY THAT

"It's well known that you can master your briefs very quickly."

Sue Lawley to David Mellor, *Desert Island Discs*.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"I'M THINKING OF THE LISTENERS..."
SO I'M LAUNCHING A 24 HOUR NEWS NETWORK"
BROADCASTING HOUSIE
"BUT THAT'LL BE BORING...
SO EVERYBODY WILL MAKE DO WITH THE TODAY PROGRAMME ON RADIO 4...
THE ROVER'S RETURN
WHICH EVERYBODY LIKES"
AND THEN THERE'LL BE ONLY ONE THING FOR IT...
"I'LL HAVE TO AXE THE TODAY PROGRAMME!"
BAR
"Trebles & phone-ins all round!"
Ken Pyne



WHILE Carlton Television girds up its loins to take over the London weekday franchise from Thames at midnight on 31 December, the company's director of programmes, Paul Jackson, is the victim of a poison-pen letter which has been circulating in the telly business.

The letter notes that Carlton has commissioned a number of programmes from two independent production companies, Grant Naylor Productions (makers of *Red Dwarf*) and Noel Gay Television. It alleges that Jackson, while being employed as a senior executive at Carlton, is also a director of both Noel Gay and Grant Naylor.

This is indeed the case. Documents at Companies House show that Jackson is still a director of Noel Gay TV, and is its largest single shareholder. In 1990, the most recent year for which accounts are available, the company paid him a salary of more than £87,000. On top of that, a fee of £139,372 was paid to a company in which Jackson "had a material interest". (There are many such companies in the Jackson empire: Paul Jackson Productions Ltd, Paul Jackson (UK) Ltd, Kensal Grade Ltd, Denmark Street Ltd, *et al*. The auditors do not say which one received the loot.) Meanwhile, Grant Naylor Productions Ltd, of which he is also a director, paid a further £29,000 to another of Jackson's outfits.

The letter has caused some annoyance at Carlton Television. "It's very disingenuous to suggest that Paul was commissioning his own programmes", a spokesman told the *Eye* last week. The contracts to Noel Gay and Grant Naylor Productions had been awarded by another Carlton executive, Charles Denton.

Even so, isn't it rather strange for Jackson to be a director of two companies who are receiving fat commissions from the TV channel which he runs? "He will resign as a director at the end of this year, when the Carlton franchise becomes operative", the spokesman said. "He has taken no salary from Noel Gay or Grant Naylor since the franchise award last October. He's taking steps to see that there won't be that conflict of interest — or should I say there won't *seem* to be any *potential* conflict of interest."

He added, disarmingly: "Obviously this [story] is doing the rounds so we'd rather address it as honestly as we can rather than buggering around and doing a David Mellor".

JOHN Diamond was forced to reveal more than he would have liked about his domestic arrangements on last week's *Midweek*, which he was presenting in Libby Purves' absence.

Despite writing a column for the *Times* entitled "Private Life" every Thursday, he squirmed with embarrassment and then got quite shirty when one of the guests asked him to reveal who he lived with.

Dexter Augustus, a theatrical upstart, was innocently trying to engage him in a bit of role playing, in an effort to plug a play about domestic disputes.

Diamond eventually gave in, after an excruciating silence, and confessed to living with someone called "Susan". Susan? He then went on to describe her as "shrewd Susan". What did his live-in partner and fellow columnist Nigella Lawson make of it all, and why all the coyness?

THE recent controversy about the BBC/BSkyB deal and the relationship between BBC deputy director-general and David Frost started in the *Eye* — way back in 1971. The *Eye* ran a series of pieces called Paradine Regained about the burgeoning financial empire of David Paradine Frost, and its connections with commercial television. The articles caught the eye of a brilliant young investigative newshawk on World in Action, Granada's flagship current affairs programme, called John Birt. Birt came to the *Eye* offices and enthusiastically lapped up our stuff on the great Paradine affair.

Then Birt met the Great Frost himself, and was immediately struck by his overwhelming charm and integrity. The programme Birt made was rather uncritical of Frost and much more critical of Frost's critics. Granada were rather reluctant to show such a wimpish programme, and it lingered in the can. London Weekend, fronted so often by Frost, heard of the programme's qualities and applied to buy it — but Granada were not selling.

When the *Eye* remarked on the disappearance of the programme and mildly suggested Birt was a bit of a creep, Birt replied furiously, "Why don't you confront the 'villains' with the 'facts'. It makes more interesting and more accurate journalism".

As part of our new campaign to report the 'facts', we were pleased in our issue 263 (Jan 1972) to announce a new key appointment in current affairs television. J. Birt, formerly of World in Action, was taken on by London Weekend Television at the then vast salary of £8,000 a year. His job (at least in part)? To mastermind the new series of Frost Programmes on Sunday evenings.

20 years later, Birt and Frost are still as matey as ever.

CHANNEL 4 personnel are sporting new badges with the legend "I had nothing to do with *Stab in the Dark*" — a reference to the bold, innovative, late-Friday-night satire programme .

The programme was commissioned by Mike Atwell and, despite inviting mockery from fellow professionals, Stab in the Dark has managed to retain the customary ratings for the slot, with the ghastly possibility that a second series might be in the offing.

ANTHONY Dworkin, TV-am's Washington correspondent, was hoping that his services might be retained under the new regime of GMTV.

However, he has been told that his aesthetically-challenged appearance is a problem. "You see," explained a GMTV representative, "our new policy is to have presenters that a housewife in Wigan would want to fuck."

PWL, the record company which inflicted all those gruesome hits by Kylie Minogue and Jason Donovan on an unsuspecting world, has appointed one Daniel Lycett as its head of promotion — responsible, among other things, for trying to get the company's dull discs played on Radio 1.

By happy coincidence, the head of Radio 1's music department is Chris Lycett, Daniel's father.

Before any eyebrows can be raised, Lycett *pere* has hastily despatched a memo to the heads of promotion at every other record company, and to all Radio 1 staff and DJs. "Inevitably, Daniel will, I imagine, have a considerable profile at Radio 1 FM in the course of his normal promotional activities," Lycett notes. "It goes without saying, of course, that he should be treated equally with other promotional personnel — there being no allowances made in his favour."

There is, he admits, "the potential of a perceived conflict of interests concerning my own position". However, he and Radio 1 controller Johnny Beerling "have discussed any problems which this might raise and he agrees with me that there are none." So there.

Hackwatch is unwell

TEARFUL farewells have been the order of the day at Yorkshire Television in recent weeks, where 70 compulsory redundancies have followed years of "voluntary" job losses and contracts not being renewed. Not wanting the remaining staff to be upset by the sight of loyal colleagues going down the road, YTV bosses ordered security guards to eject those made redundant from the premises.

YTV has slashed its staff from 2,200 to 800 in three years. Curiously, despite having fewer workers to manage, there has not been a similar cut in the number of managers.

The latest ruthless axe-wielding follows YTV's ridiculous £38 million franchise bid — three times bigger than its latest annual profit!

One of those recently threatened with redundancy was an award-winning cameraman. It was politely pointed out to YTV chiefs that they themselves had boasted of this cameraman's skills in the glossy brochures that accompanied their hefty franchise bid. If such skills can be used to support a bid but then dispensed with after that bid is successful, the Trading Standards Authority may take an interest.

Meanwhile, staff are awaiting the proposed merger with Tyne Tees in the sure knowledge that standards and jobs are bound to suffer even further. Perhaps *First Tuesday* will investigate the plight of the increasingly casualised and over-worked staff? Then again, perhaps not.

"Oh no, the germs have got here first!"

JUST FANCY THAT

THE latest in our occasional series of gems from Ivan Fallon's ever-perceptive "View Point" in the *Sunday Times*. That's the column which hailed Canary Wharf as a great success shortly before it went into receivership, and praised Ian and Kevin Maxwell for their stewardship of the Mirror Group ("the sons are better placed [to hang on to MGN]", he predicted on 1 December 1991 — less than a week before Ian resigned from the Mirror Group — "simply because they are going about it the right way").

Today's feat of prescience comes from the "View Point" of 3 March, 1991. "Do we", Fallon asked, "see the first swallow of summer? The first hint that the worst of the recession may be passing, and that, this very weekend indeed, we may have touched bottom?"

He rather thought that we had. Classified advertising in the *Sunday Times* — which "has always been a useful lead indicator" — was showing a few twitches of life. And "another factor has entered the scene in the past few days: the prospect, even the likelihood, of a general election in June... I for one feel more cheerful than I have for many months".

More than a year after this upbeat column appeared, Fallon's own newspaper was forced to concede that there was still no sign of an end to the recession. Oh, and his election prediction was only ten months out. Apart from that, spot on.

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

KIRKLEES

KIRKLEES reject Jim McAusland is giving dozy old Boston Borough Council an entirely new image, though not entirely of the kind the hapless hicks who hired him as their chief executive had envisaged.

Neighbours of the £47,000-a-year, crumpled Caledonian have become used to entertaining episodes enacted outside the home generously rented for him by the town's poll tax payers.

These include a late night altercation between hideous Hamish and the live-in boyfriend of a mini-skirted minion, a minion whose salary has leapt by £4,000-odd. Boyfriend was apparently lying in wait for the pair to appear and it seems the 100 decibel discussion concerned the lateness of the hour and just what the bloody hell was the 56-year-old Scot playing at. Happily, matters were reconciled.

On another occasion, members of Mr Ill-Fitting-Suit's newly formed "executive team" were observed doing a spot of late evening overtime by mowing his lawn.

As befits this staunch advocate of equal opportunities and employment for the disabled, the executive team has been hand-picked, some from lowly ranks, and all are white, female and extremely able-bodied. They have been kitted out in the tartan tyrant's favourite colours, black and white, and interpretations of the uniform range from the sober-smart to tastefully translucent blouses and vertically challenged skirts. Pay rises range from just over £500 to just over £5,000.

While their loyalty is perfectly understandable, less easy to explain is the unquestioning awe and stomach-turning subservience of the elected members. Baffled by ridiculous management-speak, bamboozled by bullying bluster, and buried under mountains of paper, the dim-burghers have handed over much of their power to their wily employee.

Councillors originally earmarked the top floor of the town hall's costly extension for the Environmental Health Department. Auditors approved the plan because it was a major step towards doing away with another building and saving money. But greedy Jim bagsed the top floor. Councillors gave way. And it's now all fitted up with lots of lovely, lovely, lovely, black leather, including a three-piece suite in Jim's office.

So powerless are members now that it looks as though the Council won't get a say on Jim's latest wheeze, sacking all the chief officers, all the deputies, and some middle managers. Actually, they're not being sacked. All 15 are just being told their jobs no longer exist.

Nine jobs are being advertised, but none of the existing Boston officers is tipped to get a top job.

Jim probably got this idea from Kirklees. When they reorganised, he lost his job as director of health and housing.

BIRMINGHAM

SEX, lies and videotape could be the perfect title for the latest steamy tale of municipal lust around Birmingham's corridors of power.

It features two very senior officers who, after a hard day's work, made their way to the municipal car park together to head for their respective families.

The hero of our tale, a sympathetic soul, put a kindly arm round the shoulder of his overworked lady colleague.

But within seconds animal lusts reared their fearsome head. Clothes flew and a car door was opened into which the twosome, middle-aged but still lusty, hurled their chubby bodies.

What they had forgotten were the car park security cameras.

Back in the Council House security control room dozens of guards swiftly gathered round the screens to cheer the couple on, zooming the cameras in on the various legs, arms and less salubrious bits as they appeared at different windows.

Now a healthy underground trade is being done in copies of the video, but who were the couple?

Naturally the *Eye* approached the council's press office for an answer but, strangely, neither the acting head nor his immediate underling were able to comment.

SENIOR Birmingham magistrate Robert Blakemore managed a strange disappearing act when he was charged with assaulting his wife recently.

Blakemore, 56, is a Labour-nominated union official who specialises in trying domestic cases. His case has yet to be heard, so no comment can be made on the charges.

What has puzzled observers is Blakemore's strange ability to pop up in unexpected courts, unannounced, at unexpected times.

He was arrested in Birmingham — but first appeared in court in neighbouring Solihull.

A fair enough move perhaps, to avoid the embarrassment of having to face his JP colleagues from the dock.

But last week he appeared in court again — this time in Coventry.

His name was on none of the court lists and listing staff denied any knowledge of his forthcoming appearance. He wasn't even on the "extras" list of late additions.

But he was spotted making an early morning appearance in a near-empty court.

It would, of course, be completely wrong to suggest court staff connived to prevent unwelcome publicity. So what can it all mean?

KENT

IN Dartford, Kent, where Margaret Thatcher first stood for Parliament, the council's direct labour department was recently privatised, and handed over to a typically Thatcherite outfit called Directforce. Not much later, Directforce announced the appointment of a new financial manager. He is Councillor Ken Leadbetter, Conservative, leader of the Council.

No one seems to worry very much that this new post might cause some difficulty, except the Opposition, whose leader, Ivor Jones, moved a motion on July 13 deploring the new appointment. Cllr. Leadbetter saw no conflict in speaking and voting against the motion.

STAFFORDSHIRE

VICTIMS of Labour-run Staffordshire's brutal pin-down method of controlling young people in care (*Eyes* passim) are still losing their battle to receive adequate compensation for their gruelling ordeals — thanks to council care records which have been doctored or conveniently lost.

Not only have councillors on the personnel committee failed to question social workers who implemented pin-down about the missing or altered documents, but they are still refusing to launch a long-overdue investigation into these disturbing bureaucratic lapses.

Instead, the county council is happy for its lawyers to sort out the mess in the hope that they will find little amiss, thereby ensuring that the council's compensation bill to pin-down's victims remains low.

When challenged by solicitors representing the victim, however, the council has admitted that some dates referring to when the children were in care are guesses!

Eye readers will recall that the pin-down victim most let down by Staffs' ineptitude, "C.J.", the waif who ran away from being pinned-down in a council home barefoot in the snow, has received no compensation because *all* her records of being in care early in 1987 have been lost.

But how far is Staffordshire prepared to go in denying justice? The council can't explain why C.J.'s school records show an 8-week absence in early 1987 and 30 days missing later that year. Worse still, the social worker who visited C.J. at home in January 1987, after C.J. had been abused by her father, has submitted an affidavit saying that she never saw the child until August 1987. This is despite the fact that C.J. claims the same social worker took her to Newcastle-under-Lyme police the previous January, and then in to care later that day.

TYCOONS

ONE of the more striking features of Conrad Black's company, Hollinger, is the number of international has-beens on his "international advisory board", such as Henry Kissinger and Margaret Thatcher.

Why he needs them for a company with modest growth and hocked assets is a mystery. But it is his main board appointments that now cause some comment, starting with Robert Campeau.

Mr Campeau ran the Campeau Corporation, which at one stage owned Bloomingdales in New York. Due to excessive junk bond borrowing and retail downturn, Campeau filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy.

A major creditor was Olympia & York. Paul Reichman of O&Y sits on the Hollinger board. O&Y were forced to take over some of Campeau's assets to protect their own exposed position.

Campeau now lives in Austria, and is no longer on the Hollinger board.

Meanwhile, Paul Reichman's American subsidiary, O&Y, has filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy in the US. Its London Canary Wharf scheme is in administration and is in danger of liquidation and subsequent collapse. How long Reichman will stay on the Hollinger board is a matter for speculation.

Peter F. Bronfman is also on the Hollinger board. He is chairman of Edper Enterprises Ltd of Toronto. The Bronfman family, although split into two commercial units, still has interlocking investments.

Trizec, with its subsidiary, Bramalea, has combined long term borrowings of 14.6 billion Canadian dollars. Last month Trizec cut its dividend and Bramalea has defaulted on interest payments. If Trizec and/or Bramalea were to collapse, or be forced into a sale of assets, the losses would make Olympia & York look like peanuts. Impressive board, eh?

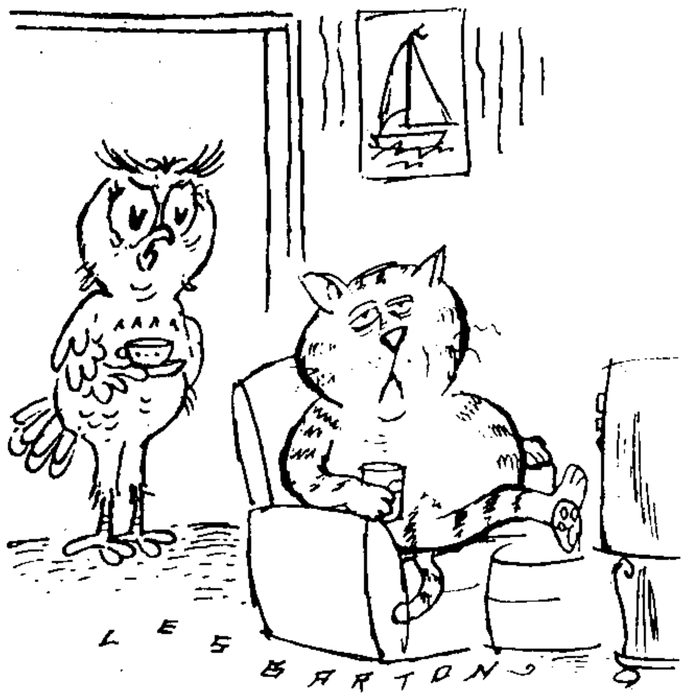
ONE of the Mirror Group directors targeted by the *Eye* for supine negligence over the Maxwell scandal is deputy chairman Alan Clements.

A former tax inspector and ex-member of the International Stock Exchange, Clements decorates the board of several corporations. One of them is that other triumph of free enterprise — Brent Walker. He has also been a non-executive director of Granada Group plc for the past two years.

Clements' role as a director of Mirror Group Newspapers will no doubt be of great interest to the beleaguered pensioners as he was a trustee of the MGN pension fund.

Sounds like a classic investigation for Granada TV's current affairs flagship programme *World in Action*. Er, well, perhaps not. Oops.

HUSBAND



"We never go sailing like we used to!"

Sally Deedes

MRS Coleman lives in Islington, North London, part of Camden Borough Council. In February last year she received a reminder to pay her Poll Tax bill, although she had already done so some months previously.

She returned the document, but in February this year received a court summons. Her local Citizens Advice Bureau was told that the summons would be withdrawn if she visited the office with the relevant receipts and bank statement.

She posted them off, but her name was left on the court list. At the end of February, the magistrate adjourned the case until June. After the hearing a council official told her that copies of cheques meant to him that "they were only a promise to pay" and that, as far as Camden were concerned, she was still in arrears.

She was taken aback to be treated like an offender, but the very next day she received a letter from Camden apologising and stating that the summons would be withdrawn.

Four weeks later she received a threatening letter from the bailiffs, and a week after that another summons, to appear in court on June 2 — followed by a letter of apology from the Head of Finance. The whole thing had been due to an overloaded computer, but he added: "I am not in a position to financially compensate you for your ordeal".

You will not be surprised to hear that Mrs Coleman thought it prudent to attend the court summons on June 2.

DUE to the recent announcement by the Secretary of State for Health that there would be a 7 per cent lowering of the fee scale with effect from July 8, a number of the dentists in the Staffordshire area have made the decision to withdraw from the NHS.

In order to carry this out dentists are required to complete an EP18 for every patient on their list. The government has found a brilliantly simple and cost effective way of dealing with this lemming-type exodus. The Staffordshire dental newsletter carries a letter from Hestor Packham, director of primary care in the area.

"Currently," she writes, "we have outstanding requests for 30,000 forms, with more requests being submitted daily. As we normally only carry a stock of 2,000/4,000, we have requested a further supply of 100,000 from the Department of Health. However," — and here is the master stroke — "we have been advised that this order is extremely unlikely to be met."

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

THE ROMAN historian, Tacitus, describes a rebellion by the Iceni, from whom descends Essex Man. They were rebelling over an Imperial order to disarm. He describes Stonea Park as "a fine place protected by a rustic earthwork, with an approach too narrow for cavalry".

Stonea was amongst the best Iron Age fortified sites in Britain. Archaeologists have found Paleolithic, Neolithic and Bronze Age artifacts including one of the most diverse hoards of Icenian coins. Until 1983 Stonea remained largely untouched and in excellent condition as seen from air photographs.

You must never reckon without the brute ignorance of the Min of Ag. From 1984 large grants were made available to level this noble earthwork. Bulldozers flattened the site for the subsidies. The old moat was filled with rubbish — "agricultural waste" being exempt from laws against tipping.

Stonea Camp has now acquired a further bout of public expenditure — £30,000 to try to rebuild the earthworks bulldozed away by other subsidies.

The silly Min of Ag has at last conceded hedgerows need to be conserved if England is to be preserved — they might now exclude venerable antiquities from the depredations of farmers.

THE COUNCIL for the Preservation of Rural England is a baffling body. It could hardly be better connected with HMQ as patron and a sprinkling of Dukes and Earls. It does valiant work to harass stupid local authorities and incompetent Ministries (how the MoD must wish the CPRE had never noticed how badly soldiers run their vast acres).

The CPRE are good folk who like to think they promote meadows and woodland but they have evil fellow travellers.

They collude with the National Farmers Union to challenge the lack of subsidies that nice Mr McSharry is giving our custodians of the countryside. They favour the preservation of local authority sloth rather than see planning contracted out. The CPRE opposes new farm building and roads and opposes at every turn new homes being created in the country.

CPRE is really a campaign for NIMBYism at its most hypocritical. The countryside would atrophy if the CPRE had its way. It would be splendid for Dukes and Earls but lifeless other than for ramblers. What rural poverty and depopulation needs is new uses and new buildings. Farmers should trade in their demeaning dependency culture for permission to build new homes and workplaces.

CPRE really ought to change its name to Council for the Poverty of Rural England.

MICROCIDE is an oddly unsympathetic name for a company to adopt. Small death is a startlingly blunt name for its product. They have a grump against the Government and its boss the European Commission which seems to have every ingredient of bureaucratic dopiness.

The EC's proposed pesticide directive 91/414 which will make or break several companies and touch the soils of all 12 EC member states is being rushed through with a consultation process of 12 days — in other words, they will go through the motions of consultation but the Belgian Empire has already published its statutory instruments.

Microcide is urging less use of pesticides by the adoption of vegetable oil adjuvants. The EC is hostile to any technique of crop control that does not enhance poisoning the landscape so they are content to suppress products that have ethical, aesthetical or technical advantage.

In modern farms it is spring not autumn that is the season of mists. Herbicides, fungicides, insecticides, foliar nutrients all rain down on our fields. Even the multinational poison corporations acknowledge that 97 per cent of all spraying is wasted.

Microcide's offence has been to develop an oil seed rape derived chemical that would reduce by 90 per cent the amount of chemicals put on our crops. No wonder Mr Gummer moved quickly to punish them. He is a dutiful servant of M. Delors.

Microcide's product is benign and cheap. It is best suppressed.

"I must have a word with Brother Francis about his scarecrow"

CONGRATULATIONS to the Lead Development Association. The OECD and US Environmental Protection Agency has been moving to limit the industrial applications of lead in the country.

Dr David Wilson of the LDA sums up his victory neatly with this quote: "What started as a potentially very damaging document for the industry looks likely to end up as a positive and practical set of recommendations. We are always ready and willing to work with the DoE on all relevant issues." Quite.

This secret concordat was commemorated by a lunch for the obliging Minister for Hedgerows, David Maclean MP, at the House of Commons. Friends are wonderful things.

AS Old Muckspreader has long defended the innocent poultry trade from the bogus salmonella scare we are highly tickled to report that Mr Justice Kennedy refused a Min of Ag appeal against the victory of the brave nuns of Our Lady of the Passion Monastery (****shurely shome mishtake?) at Daventry in the High Court last week.

MAFF extermination squads had slaughtered their holy chickens in a dawn raid in 1989. The birds were innocent of any offence. The stupid Ministry offered compensation of £3,000 when the market value was £12,000.

Sister Catherine of Our Lady of the Passion is an octogenarian who has taken on and humbled the preposterous ministry. What a pity chickens cannot sue for libel.

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

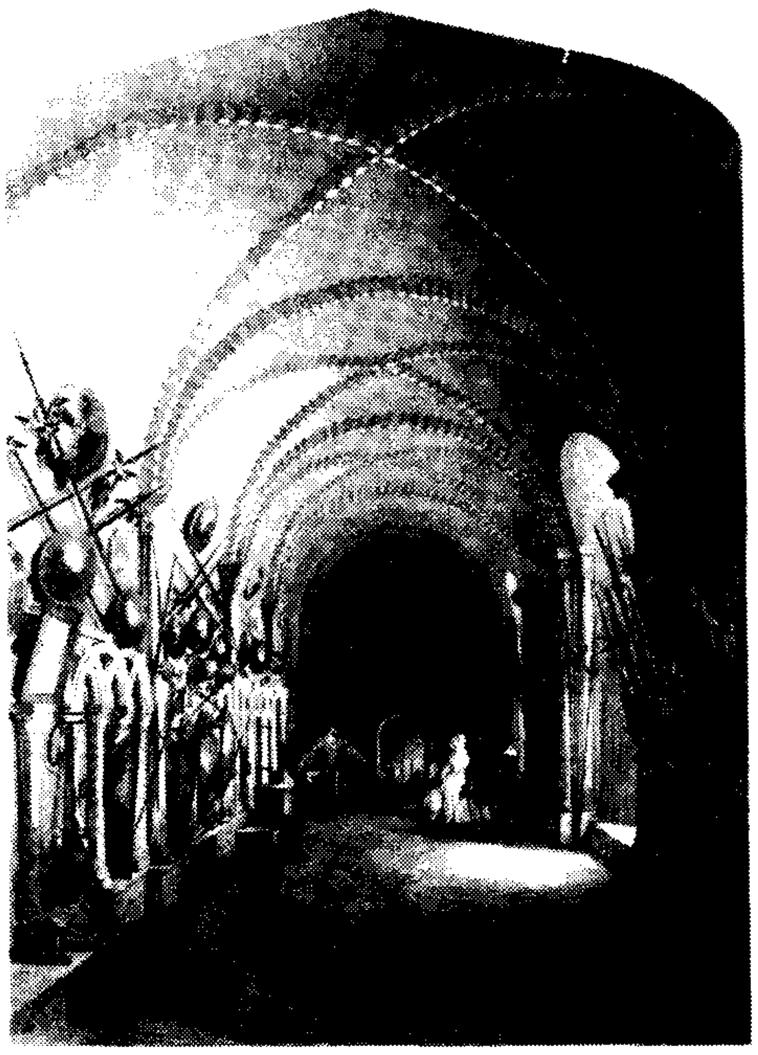
I'M THINKING OF PUTTING IN A BID
..STOP THOSE SODDIN' DEVELOPERS FROM THROWIN' UP TWO HUNDRED DETACHED BOXES
LAND FOR SALE
CASHIN' IN ON THE COUNTRYSIDE AND THEN BUGGERIN' OFF BACK TO THE CITY
albert
HOW MANY GOLF COURSES DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET ON IT?

NOOKS and CORNERS

WE HAVE a government that seems to prefer the bogus to the real, the frivolous and populist to the serious. To find cash to restore listed buildings or to repair long-neglected public museums is very difficult, yet public money still seems available for certain new projects of doubtful merit. It is not just that well over £400 million was squandered by Lady Thatcher on a new and largely unnecessary building which few of its potential users actually want, that is, the new British Library. Such irresponsible prodigality continues as John Major offers £4 million towards the gratuitous "Fame School" for pop music, proposed in Liverpool by that tight-fisted and ungrateful Liverpudlian, posturing Paul McCartney, when no government help is forthcoming for either the Royal Opera House or London Zoo.

Now I learn that, despite calls for restraint by the Treasury, £20 million of taxpayers' money is being given to the Royal Armouries to transfer most of its collection from the Tower of London to a new museum in Yorkshire — a move opposed by almost all scholars working in the Armoury and many arms historians. This is a triumph for the Heritage Industry, for what is proposed in the new building near the Clarence Dock in Leeds is a Jorvik Centre-style theme park with re-creations of jousting and wenching rather than a boring old museum full of armour, swords, cannon and guns. And, of course, moving all this hardware to Leeds will free the Tower of London for more of the same. As the Royal Armouries' briefing paper states: "The movement of a major part of the collection to the new museum would release at least 26,000 sq ft of which 17,000 sq ft (in the New Armouries and Waterloo Barracks) is prime visitor space, suitable for catering and retail use."

The scandal of making the Tower a bigger version of such vulgar tourist attractions as the London Dungeon is that it is the *real thing*. The Tower of London has been an armoury since it was first built by William the Conqueror. It is also the oldest museum in England, if not in the world. The public has been able to enter the Tower and see the collections of arms since the time of the Tudors, while the Crown Jewels have been on public display since the Restoration of Charles II. The



Tower may well have been much rebuilt in the 19th century, but it is still essentially a Medieval building arranged to display a rich variety of historic arms and armour — as it has done for centuries. But, although thousands of tourists visit the Tower to see both the Royal Armouries and the Crown Jewels, this does not generate as much money as a Disneyland display might in these commercially minded times.

The official responsibility for this move to Leeds lies with the fun-loving Minister for Fun and Heritage, David Mellor, and the official explanation is the need for space to create a new display for the Crown Jewels that can accommodate many more tourists; but the moving force is Guy Wilson, Master of the Armouries since 1988 and Deputy Master since 1981. Young Mr Wilson is a Yorkshireman who much prefers his native land to London, but that is not the reason for the move to Leeds. His predecessor as Master was long ago conscious that being Master of the Armouries is nothing like as glamorous as being Director of the V&A or the National Gallery so, in the mid-1980s, he consulted an American public relations firm about raising the profile of the Royal Armouries. Since then, the new Master has sent four members of the Armouries to Disney World to study ways to popularise both the new museum in Leeds and the White Tower in the Tower when it is vacated by the removal of some 40,000 items of the arms collection. For the historic collections are not good enough for Mr Wilson: he has been buying instruments of torture to make more sensational displays — so falsifying historical truth.

Possibly there is a case for the Royal Armouries having an outstation at Leeds to house its reserve collections, but that is not what is proposed. Most of the historic collections are to go to Yorkshire — far away from the necessary libraries, scholars and dealers — to a sub-Disney museum which needs to attract 1½ million visitors a year to make money. The Meyrick Society, devoted to the study of arms and armour, is strongly opposed to the move, as are most of the staff and scholars who work for the Royal Armouries. Their views have not been sought, and they are afraid to speak out for fear of losing their jobs. All this is bad enough, but the principal objection must be that the central cultural purpose of preserving ancient buildings is to be historical testimonies. Old buildings mean most when they perform a useful and intended role, and the retention of their contents can be as important as the preservation of their fabric.

London is full of bogus and mendacious tourist attractions. The appeal of the Tower of London is that it is real. It is central to the imaginative historical life of England, performing its role as a physical reminder of past triumphs and barbarisms and housing arms and armour, crowns and sceptres, as it has done for many centuries. No new museum, however profitable, however slick with virtual reality high technology, is worth as much as something hallowed, authentic and genuinely traditional. The Master of the Armouries proposes to trivialise England's past, and future, so encouraging the transcendant cultural and intellectual decline of a once great nation. During the Second World War, mindful of potent legend, Winston Churchill had the wings of the Tower's ravens clipped lest their flight occasioned Britain's fall. Cannot someone clip Mr Wilson's wings?

'Piloti'

FAGGY THATCHER

M. THATCHER'S decision to become a "consultant on world affairs" to Philip Morris, the world's most ruthless purveyors of its most lethal drug — tobacco — is not only a mark of her amazing greed (the consultancy is worth somewhere between half a million and three-quarters of a million dollars a year) but a further gesture of solidarity between the Thatcher family and the tobacco industry — a friendship that extends way back into Mrs Thatcher's Premiership.

Mrs Thatcher does not smoke and, rather like her late admirer Robert Maxwell, makes a lot of this abstinence — in private and in public. Her husband Denis, however, smokes like a furnace. It is normally Denis who has led the tobacco companies' campaign against too much government interference in their freedom to trade.

In the summer of 1981, for instance, at a Downing Street cocktail party, he met his old chum Gerard Vaughan, a bore who represented a Reading constituency and had been made Minister of Health because he was a doctor.

Vaughan and Thatcher were old chums, and Denis started at once to bemoan the fate of the tobacco companies. Was there, he asked Gerry, any limit to the persecution of these companies which were earning a lot for Britain?

In particular he attacked the Ministry of Health's obsession with curbing the sponsorship of sport by the tobacco companies. Many sports, he complained, especially snooker and his favourites, rugby and golf, would suffer grievously if the "damned bureaucrats" at Gerry's Ministry had their way.

Did Gerry realise for instance, said Denis — who in spite of his buffoon-type image has a shrewd head for figures — that nearly half all sponsored sport on television was financed by the tobacco companies? Had he any idea of the pleasure his Ministry was set on denying to millions of people?

Astonished by this outburst, and wary of the consequences, Dr Vaughan retired to his Ministry to consult. There he found that two anti-smoking fanatics were indeed bent on curbing the undercover advertising of cigarettes which went under the name of sports sponsorship. In particular they were ceding to the health lobby's increasing demands to take cigarette brand names out of sponsorship.

Who were the Ministers responsible for this dangerous invasion of private enterprise? The Secretary of State was Patrick Jenkin, who mildly favoured the reforms. But the man chiefly responsible was the Parliamentary Under Secretary, the blue-blooded MP for Acton, Sir George Young. Sandwiched between two such fiercely-devoted anti-smokers, Vaughan felt uneasy.

Action followed swiftly. In a Cabinet re-shuffle in September that year, Mrs Thatcher shifted Patrick Jenkin to Industry and Sir George Young to Environment, where he stayed, rather sadly, until 1986, when he was finally sacked. Jenkin's career, too, petered out ignominiously.

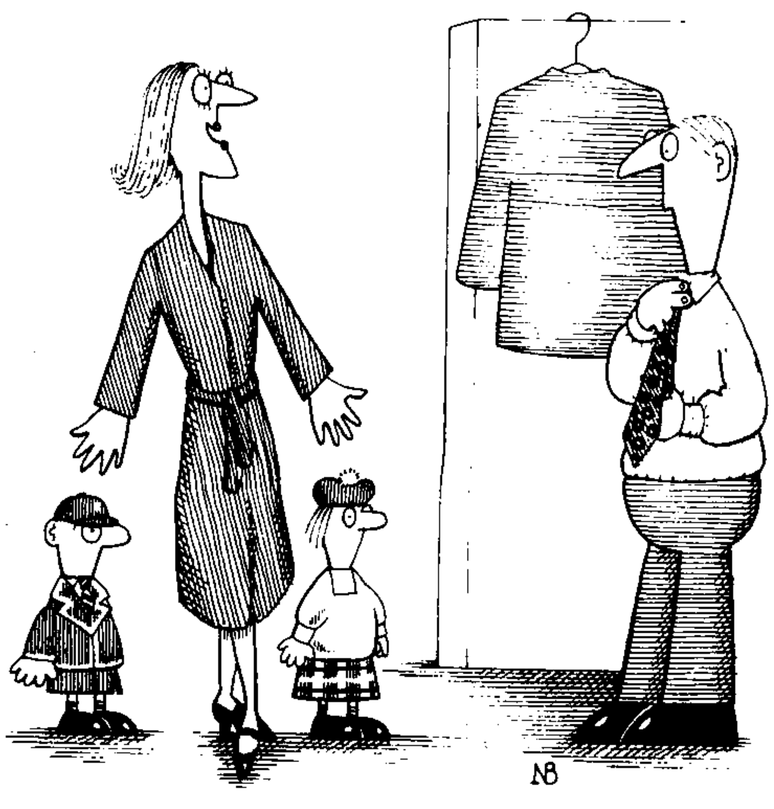
Into their places in 1981 stepped Norman Fowler as Secretary of State and Geoffrey Finsberg. Both proved much more sensitive. Finsberg's first act in the Department of Health was to issue an instruction that the anti-smoking posters in his office should be taken down. He was, he said, not in favour of "silly campaigns". Sports sponsorship, including the notorious BBC Embassy World Snooker championship — the clearest possible breach of the BBC Charter — continued.

Where are they now?

Gerard Vaughan became Sir Gerry in 1984.

Geoffrey Finsberg became Sir Geoffrey in 1984.

Norman Fowler became Sir Norman in 1990, and is now chairman of the Conservative Party.



"Do you think Toby or Jemima goes better with the blue?"

Bankers

NATIONAL Westminster Bank's Financial and Investment Services (FIS) Department, which deals with wills, tax and investment portfolios, is in the throws of rationalisation. In 1990 David Nelson was brought in from domestic banking with a brief to increase the FIS annual contribution to NatWest's annual profit to a proposed £50 million in 1997 — in order to offset losses in NatWest's other departments.

To meet this target Mr Nelson has increased the fees to customers and has set about reducing the 50 or so FIS branches to 23. The branches at Sheffield, Lancaster, Hull, Macclesfied and Reading have already been closed — or "merged" as the Bank prefers to call it.

Branch closures have already led to several redundancies and more are to follow. Staff fear that when the new FIS computer is fully operational in 1993 a further wave of redundancies will occur. Keen to avoid bad publicity in the wake of Blue Arrow and the Maxwell scandals, NatWest has been pressurising its staff to opt for voluntary redundancy. Many have signed the preprinted letter placed before them, allowing the Bank to claim that most problems arising from the branch closures "have been resolved without resorting to compulsory redundancy".

Those who have had the temerity to refuse to sign the "volunteer letter" have been dealt with by a team of four men wheeled in by Head Office. The squad turns up one morning, a clerk is called into the manager's room and told they need no longer return — he or she is then escorted from the premises! Staff are wondering whether all the proposed 15,000 "job savings" NatWest intends to make by 1996 will be dealt with in this sympathetic manner.

Many FIS customers, already angered by the fee increases and poor performance of investment portfolios over the last few years, are cross that their affairs will no longer be dealt with locally; thus centralised, many fear that smaller portfolios (their profit to the Bank being comparatively small) will be reviewed less often by the company's analysts.

UNIVERSITY NEWS

DR Mike Fitzgerald, the greying ex-hippy who is in charge of the absurd new "Thames Valley University" (see last *Eye*), has other claims to fame apart from his passion for privatisation.

Before being appointed to his present exalted post, Fitzgerald lectured at (inevitably) the Open University, and lived in Milton Keynes.

Unlike other members of staff, who might be expected to move closer to their place of work when they got a new job, "Mike" has awarded himself a chauffeur-driven car, in which he is transported to and from his residence every day. It is nice to know that, as a result of the "financial independence" of institutions of higher education, resources are being so efficiently allocated.

Meanwhile, there is startling news of Fitzgerald's favoured sidekick, *Dave Albury*, the man who has been striving to sell the university's computer section to a private company, and whose zeal for privatisation is such that he is even said to be planning to "privatise" the college tea-ladies. Albury was, until recently, a member of the Socialist Workers' Party.

"Mind if I pick your brains?"

"OK, this is a check-up!"

DOING THE ROUNDS

THE Freyer neurology ward at the Middlesex St Peter's hospital complex is claiming the record for short life of any ward in the kingdom. It was officially opened in April by the Duchess of Gloucester. The decision to close it was taken on July 2, six weeks later — and close it will in September. Not that anyone who attended the lavish press day on July 8 was told about the closure.

● NHS dissident Chris Chapman cleared his desk at **Leeds General Infirmary** for the last time on July 15 after serving the health service loyally for 24 years and exposing fraud in the process (*Eyes* passim).

But his leaving did not go unmarked. As protestors blew whistles outside the hospital gates, more than 100 MPs signed a Commons motion calling for a public inquiry into the case.

Behind the scenes things were also moving. Could Tory businessman and NHS Trust chairman Tony Clegg have been having doubts about the wisdom of proceeding with Dr Chapman's compulsory redundancy? Surely not. But a face-saving deal was all the talk among informed sources on Dr Chapman's last day at work. The Manufacturing, Science and Finance Union politely petitioned Tony Clegg that morning for a last-minute reprieve, pending the outcome of further investigations.

Trust chiefs were locked in talks all day — but the eleventh hour reprieve never came. Chapman lost his job and went off to "celebrate" his 50th birthday the following day.

Meanwhile, we asked (*Eye* 798) how much taxpayers' money would be put up to bribe Chris Chapman from taking legal action over his dismissal. The answer was an extra pension of £6,500 a year from the age of 60, if he agreed to take no action.

The doctor's eloquent response was: "Stuff it! I'll see you in court!"

PRISON NEWS

THE death toll is still rising at Birmingham's Winson Green Prison, where hanging is even more popular than in the days of capital punishment.

The latest victim is Errol Charles, 24, on remand for robbery, who was found hanged in his cell earlier this month.

Charles died on an overflow wing of the prison's notorious hospital, the same hospital where Horace Boswell hanged himself last August.

It was the hospital which also issued another prisoner, David Taylor, with the drugs he used to kill himself last autumn.

And it was also the hospital in which John Ryan died in 1987 when he was locked in a cell without water with the central heating on — in a heatwave. He died of dehydration.

An internal report by prison doctor John Hall describes the appalling conditions inflicted on the hospital's inmates — most of whom are mentally ill. It describes illegal overcrowding, staff shortages and budget cuts to match the building's Victorian origins.

The rough justice of Winson Green seems never-ending.

Letters

Condemned sell

Sir,

You appear to be under the impression that most former readers of the SUNSET TIMES *have ceased reading it because of its coverage of the Princess of Wales and Joseph Goebbels stories. May I suggest that many of these former readers were actually repelled more by the* SUNSET TIMES MAGAZINE *issue of some three weeks ago in which a sequence of six photographs in not very glorious technicolour showed one Burmese quite literally hacking another to death with a machete?*

To many, like myself, this disgusting spectacle made the photographer a party to murder, since it would appear that he could have prevented but failed to do so, while the editor condoned it by the act of publication. No moralising by the editor can justify the publication of such a spectacle. What can we expect next from such a rag — before and after shots of an American being executed in an electric chair, perhaps, with the SUNSET TIMES *photographer asking the victim to try not to grimace too much as it might upset the readers?*

Yours (yet another former SUNSET TIMES *reader) sincerely,*
DAVID MILLER,

Newton Abbot, Devon.

Swab story

Sir,

*So once again we private practice crazed consultants get a routine bashing (*EYE *798) from MD (a foreign qualification by the way; is he a Dago perchance or, for that matter, is the uncanny resemblance of this piece to recent ravings of* INDY*'s Judy Jones pure coincidence — we should be told). To describe British Specialist accreditation as a secret cartel stains the truth. There is nothing secret about the distinctly mundane requirements laid down by the GMC and the Royal Colleges while the GMC's control of basic medical qualification could equally be termed a cartel. Or is this the next target? If so Old Reaper had better sharpen his scythe.*

Among much other dross not bearing examination is MD's contention that handing out European gongs to the lads would decimate British elective surgery waiting lists. These are determined by many factors, crucially operating theatre time which creating a swathe of Eurochopsters could not help. More intensive use of theatres (24 hours, weekends), or more theatres, would, but the remedy here, money, is unfashionable and unlikely to be forthcoming.

Stick to management basting MD. True or not, this is at least harmlessly diverting.

Yours sincerely,
A.M.K. RICKWOOD, MA, FRCS

Consultant Urological Surgeon, Alder Hey Children's Hospital, Liverpool.

Lookalike

Fry **Halford**

Sir,

Why is Stephen Fry (aka Alison Halford) being hounded by the Merseyside force?

Surely he deserves equal treatment?

Yours sincerely,
EDDIE McCARRON,

Oxford.

Oscar Winner

Sir,

Thank you for the charming article about me in your latest issue. But a correction is needed. I was not the maker of the film EAT LEAD, MOTHERFUCKER. *I think if you check the reference books you will find it was directed by Sir Richard Attenborough in his blue period.*

All good wishes.

Yours sincerely,
MICHAEL WINNER,

Scimitar Films Ltd., London W1.

Evidently, not

Sir,

Forensic Science and Courtroom Evidence

Your comments on page 5 of the issue dated 19 June 1992 are of considerable importance.

The whole matter is causing concern in the United States among scientists who see courts paying more attention to the "qualifications" of expert witnesses than to the facts they present.

Properly used, like any other evidence, forensic analysis is a valuable tool. It is important that this value is not diminished by non-scientists placing blind faith in the statements of those "scientists" who fail to draw attention to the limitations and ambiguities inherent in the tests that they have performed.

Scientific tests are a search after the truth, not an absolute and irrevocable statement of fact. They should never be used in a court of law without additional, completely independent, evidence.

Yours faithfully,
N. MATHYS,

Chelmsford, Essex.

Railroaded

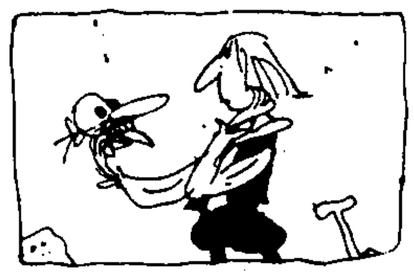
Sir,

Now that the government has announced the long-awaited plans for the exciting privatisation of British Rail (no GWR, so bad luck Mr Jenkins), can we assume that the interests of passengers (sorry, customers) will be looked after by a new quango called OFRAIL?

Yours faithfully,
ALLAN LLOYD,

Malvern, Worcs.

"Actually, I fancy a day off work... I'll have the mussels"



LUVVIES

Many classical actresses have played bed scenes, look at Glenda Jackson.

ANTONIA DE SANCHA
Independent

Actors need a guide. Plays can be mystifying. One hopes the director has got a map. We're Sherpas!

SIMON CALLOW
Sunday Times

Eldorado has not been conceived as any ordinary, formula-based soap; it is adventurous and bold, and complex in its view of the people who inhabit its world. The character I play is multi-faceted, to the point of embracing contradictions in an exhilarating way.

LESLEY UDWIN
Independent

Submitted by E. Strobes, H.A. Protheroe, Anon.

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries printed.

Unsuccessful

Sir,

In your article on Lady Olga Maitland, MP, you state that her father the 17th Earl of Lauderdale succeeded his cousin. He did not. He succeeded his brother the Revd Alfred Maitland, the 16th Earl. As this was the easiest fact to confirm may we take it that the rest of the article is also totally inaccurate?

Yours sincerely,
(REVD) A.T.J. SALTER,

London N1.

Past Presidents perfect

Sir,

With the continuing siege of Sarajevo and Goražde, all you can do editorially is to smear President Franjo Tudjman of Croatia as an anti-Semite. There has been no editorial mention of "ethnic cleansing" in your paper, so I presume that you approve of it.

For the record, Tudjman is the democratically-elected President of Croatia and has more in common with the constitutional nationalism of Radic (who was murdered in Parliament in Belgrade in 1928 by a Montenegrian) and Macek (who was jailed by King Alexander in the early 30s) than with Pavelic and his Ustase. If the Serbs had treated the more constitutionally-minded Croats with more courtesy, there would never have been an Ustase. And, if it had not been for Slobodan Milosevic, there would never have been a Tudjman, either.

It is astonishing to see you line up with the Spartist loonies of LIVING MARXISM *as well as with Nora Balisoff and Sir Alfred Sherman in defence of Serbian genocide. Not since the Nazi-Soviet pact has there been such a coalition of incompatibles.*

You are way out of your depth in Yugoslavia: for God's sake, if you can't say something sensible about the place, don't say anything about it at all.

Yours etc.,
T.B.L. CARTER,

Somerton, Somerset.

Sub standard

Sir,

The cover on today's EYE *is vulgar, prurient, chauvinist and in the worst possible taste — so I shall not be cancelling my subscription after all.*

Yours truly,
R.J. DAVIDSON,

London SW5.

How long?

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the similarity between cover No. 798 featuring a Tory politician and a very similar cover of the late 1960s that also features a Tory politician.

Is the Editor too young to remember? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
BRIAN LEIGH,

Salford.

Moral issue

Sir,

Congratulations on exposing the absurd hypocrisy of La Bottomley and her moral crusade against unwed mothers. May we now expect the magazine which exposes marital irregularity in high places to stop filling its lonely hearts column with ads from married men seeking adulterous liaisons?

Love and Kisses,
CHRIS BECK,

London W2.

Lookalike

Prince

Mellor

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed, as I have, the startling resemblance between Dominic Prince, famous journalist and former lover of Antonia de Sancha, and David Mellor, unknown Cabinet Minister and also a former lover of Antonia de Sancha.

Are they by any chance related? I think we should be told.

Yours,
ENA B. HALLORAN,

London, W1.

Prone call

Sir,

By coincidence I came through London this weekend and saw the PRIVATE EYE *of 17th July.*

I must tell you that I am a regular reader of PRIVATE EYE *and I like very much your approach to most subjects.*

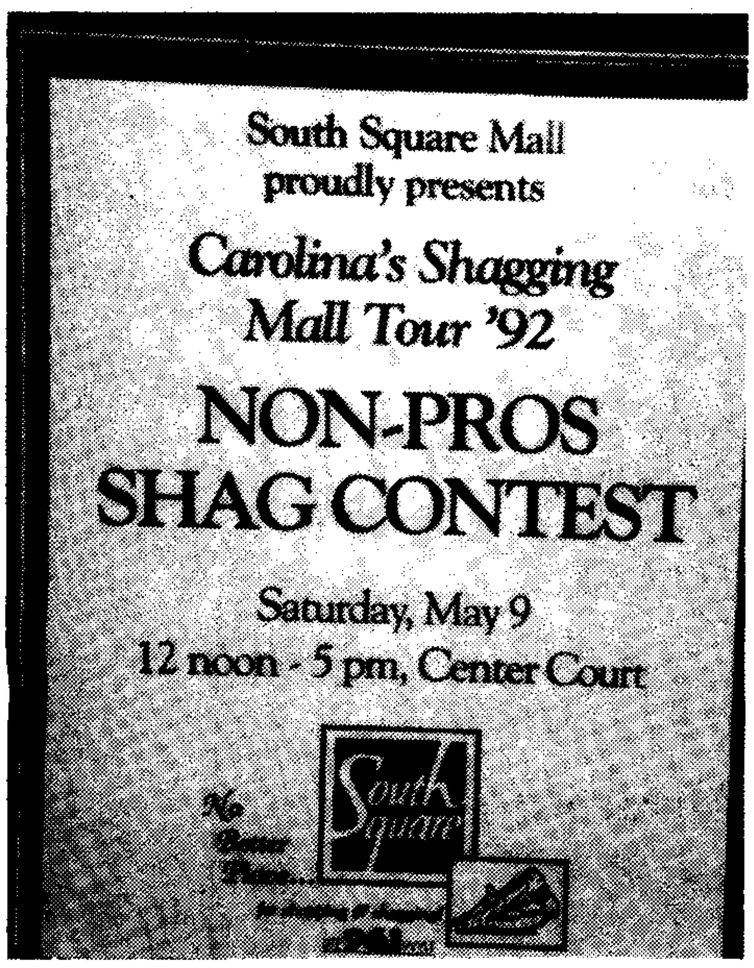
I am writing to you today, however, because I am somewhat staggered to see myself mentioned as "the disaster-prone Kissin" in the last paragraph of your article "End of the peer show..." in reference to Lord Donoughue. For the record, he never worked for me and I cannot think of any disaster which befell the Guinness Peat Group all the while I was Chairman, indeed the group was exceedingly successful. I became Chairman in 1960 and resigned from my position in 1979/80 and it was then that the disasters started!

Yours sincerely,
KISSIN OF CAMDEN,

House of Lords, SW1.

I-SPY

USA



Submitted by Philip Stern. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Desk cant

Sir,

I am surprised at you, allowing Mike Turner to trot out the tired old chestnut of the bimbo who spends hubby's hard-earned dosh on clothes and other frivolities (EYE *page 12, No. 798). It brings back memories of the* DAILY EXPRESS *in the 50s and 60s, with Mrs Gambol and her funny hats. We'll be back to women drivers and mother-in-law jokes soon — get up with the times,* EYE!

Yours from my desk...
GEORGINA ADAM,

London SW7.

Eat lead, misogynists!

Sir,

I was delighted to see you showing your true colours in issue 798. I much enjoyed the cartoon on page 12 depicting a woman with pert bottom, prominent breasts and armfuls of boutique shopping returning home and greeting her husband as "Money". Amidst all your socially worthy drivel it's refreshing to find that you have a clear understanding of the true nature of women. But why limit yourself to this sort of material? There is also room to lose other sections of your readership by being offensive over race, sexual orientation, and physical disabilities. There's no need to restrict yourself to gender.

Yours faithfully,
RACHEL GODFREY,

London SE25.

How the land lies

Sir,

It is with foreboding I read an answer from someone in the North of England writing in reply to someone in the South of England in an attempt to correct as you put it "Ark sent". It does not take much imagination to visualise a growing flood of letters perpetuating the North versus South garbage. Can I plead for a stop to the usual pointless tirade before it has a chance to burst forth on your letters page and go down in history as another pointless and totally boring exercise in half-truth and prejudice?

Yours wearily,
A RESIDENT OF ENGLAND,
JUST ENGLAND, OK?

RAF Finningley, S. Yorks.

(No. Ed.)

Oik aye, yah

Sir,

Darn Sarf my eye! Dine Sithe if you please. Clod-hopping Northern Oik.

Yours faithfully,
PETE LOVE,

Southampton.

P.S. Tell La Bollard not to use "Sir" together with "Sincerely".

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"...the return sent to the feet of the extended arm of Stich..."
JOHN BARRETT, BBC2
(R.M. Breakell)

"It's a race that the Kenyans have dominated — but, looking at the records, it's the first time they've won it."
DAVID COLEMAN, BBC1
(Cyril M. Joy)

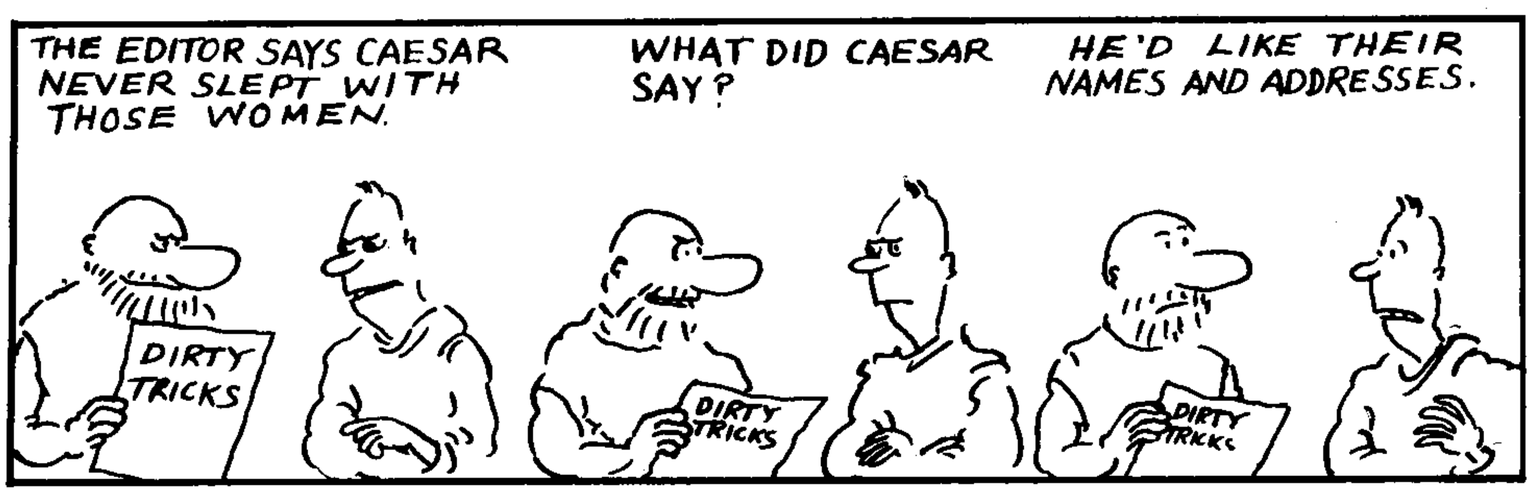
"The tune we've been whistling has struck a chord with other member countries... but the ball the Prime Minister has to pick up and run with will put some flesh on the agenda."
TRISTAN GAREL-JONES (on the Maastricht Treaty)
(Anne Nethercott)

"I don't think I've ever seen anything quite like that before — it's the second time it's happened today."
BRIAN JOHNSTON, Radio 3
(Chris Dennis)

"It's not only a race against the clock, but a race against time itself."
PRESENTER, BBC Wales
(John F. Stokes)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN


THE EDITOR SAYS CAESAR NEVER SLEPT WITH THOSE WOMEN.
WHAT DID CAESAR SAY?
HE'D LIKE THEIR NAMES AND ADDRESSES.
DIRTY TRICKS
DIRTY TRICKS
DIRTY TRICKS

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

from Our Own Correspondent

OUR Eurocrats have achieved new depths of environmental awareness. While Europe festers in pollutant slime, incipient radiation hazard and mountains of garbage, the Eurocrats are still dithering over where to put the long-awaited European Environmental Agency.

MEPs, and even Commissioners, not known for their willingness to co-operate on issues of fundamental importance, are seething at the apparent inability of the Council of Ministers to decide where to put it.

For two years the leaders of our 12 EC countries have been locked in stalemate. Their dilemma is the more acute as it is bound up with the problem of where to put the European Central Bank and the European Patents Office, which both offer a wealth of prospective freebies and jobs for the Euroboys.

Major's contribution in his role as Europe's President has so far proved so minor it is non-existent. In spite of his electoral promises, MEPs declare he has not spent more than ten minutes talking on the subject of the environment. In this respect he resembles the rest of Europe's Prime Minsters, none of whom have said anything useful on the subject at all.

Disgusted MEPs are however becoming tired of passing endless resolutions stressing that something must be done.

President of the European Environment Commission, Kenneth Collins, fumed: "It really is ridiculous. The only people who can decide are the Prime Ministers, but they are more interested in questions of national prestige than the state of the environment."

Now, with a budget prepared for the new Agency, all they have to do is advertise for a director. But this would be futile.

"How can we advertise if we don't know whether the Agency will be in Edinburgh or Athens, Madrid or Manchester," said Collins, "We can't spend money on the environment and we can't measure the state of the environment. Then people criticise us for doing nothing."

The Agency, which will establish a comparative data base for the environment in Europe, was tipped for Copenhagen and even Cambridge. Ministers now view Cambridge as a silly idea but haven't come up with anything better.

Tentative steps were made by Jacques Delors, President of the Commission, who announced that EC rules on the environment were too detailed. He suggested "subsidiarity" was the answer.

Perhaps the resolution to make the long-disputed Environment Agency for England and Wales part of a single anti-pollution watchdog will prompt the Council of Ministers to stop playing monopoly with taxpayers' money and get on with the job.

UN NEWS

THE surprising preponderance of American military personnel in the UN inspection teams in Baghdad led to some interesting speculation as to just *why* they decided that the Iraqi Ministry of Agriculture was a good place to search.

It will, of course, have absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with the Iraq-gate scandal back home in the US, involving US agricultural credits being diverted to arms purchases, an embarrassing process which continued right up to the invasion of Kuwait.

But were the GIs there to get the evidence and destroy it, or reveal it? Murky business, American elections.

HOW much does it cost to get a battalion of Polish peace-keeping troops from Warsaw to Phnomh Penh? Well, a private company was going to charge the UN 650,000 dollars, but in the end the cash-strapped organisation accepted a bid four times as high from the US Department of Defense.

However, the 2.5 million dollars is, in addition to eloquent testimony for privatisation, funny money that the UN will not have to pay. It will simply be knocked off Washington's 800 million dollar plus debt to the organisation.

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Illuminated by BERT KITCHEN

ANNOUNCING the cancellation of the Miss St Andrews Beauty Contest, Mr Robert Micallef, its organiser, said: "People are very bitter and angry. All the contestants have withdrawn — and so have the prize-givers. I am particularly sorry not to have heard the reigning Beauty, Marion Fisher, who was crowned in 1947, give us her lecture 45 YEARS A QUEEN."

EXPLAINING himself, Mr David Emmerson said: "I was diving off the seashore near Eastbourne when I saw what I took to be a wrecked U-Boat carrying a vast treasure of Nazi gold. I told my friend, Mr Jim Whisper-Woods, and we made contact with the German Embassy and Mr and Mrs Tong, my neighbours, to raise the salvage money, which we worked out at £2 million.

"Jim told Mrs Tong that he would buy their house from them when the sub surfaced, and we would all be rich, so she lent us £15 to visit my lawyers in Hull. Then we met Mr Mulchrome of the *Daily Mirror*. Patrick was very keen; he wrote a fine story about the treasure. But when we showed him our Polaroid snap of the first ingot to be recovered he said it looked as if it was made of plaster of Paris, and we had to admit that we did not have the money to pay for the steak dinner over which we were discussing the book and film rights.

"Then Patrick said he feared our letter from the German Embassy giving us first salvage rights was a forgery because it was signed by Herr Kurt and Herr Jurgens.

"Soon afterwards we had a visit from the police, who were very polite except for one Detective Inspector, who referred to Mr Whisper-Woods as 'your no-brain factotum'. "

12 months suspended.

DURING her address, Miss Jane Jones said: "The Glamorgan and Maesteg Valley-Live Celebrations will explode in a joyful and energetic display of homegrown culture, when two members of the Ogmore Valley steering group watch 200 local children playing on oil drums."

INTERVIEWED in his cell, Mr Hagen Kundiawa, a regular passenger on the Okuk bus, said: "Parliament has forbidden smoking in public. Fine K1000, five years' income for normal Papuans. Most smokers thank me for telling them that, but not the driver of the Okuk bus. I told him to put out his smoke — in a friendly way. He stopped and threw me off the bus.

"I went to my village and got four friends. Three days later the bus returned. We had the number. We stopped the bus and told the driver, who was still smoking, about the law and the fine. He laughed at us. Then we boarded the bus and threw him, plus various smokers, off.

"We said: 'The law means nothing on the Okuk bus, so we grassroots villagers will enforce it.' Then a Christian tried to change the smoker's motives with his good words. But this did not work. So we emptied the bus of people and pushed it into the ravine."

The case continues.

INFORMATION: Fife Leader 25.5.92; Yorkshire Post 5.6.92; Glamorgan Gazette 4.6.92; Papua Post Courier 27.5.92. MONITORS: Dave Holmes, Noel Toulson, A. Dobbs, George Kershaw.

CORRECTION

In the last edition of *Private Eye* we printed a photograph of Mrs Virginia Bottomley on the cover with the caption WATCH OUT, GIRLS — THEY'RE ABOUT THIS LONG AND HIGHLY DANGEROUS.

A sensational new photograph sent in by Mr R. Abeysinghe of UCH makes it clear that we have greatly exaggerated Mrs Bottomley's views on this subject. We therefore accept his correction and would like to apologise to Mrs Bottomley for any embarrassment caused by our previous misrepresentation.

R. v. Self

Court of Appeal (Criminal Division)

A

JUDGMENT

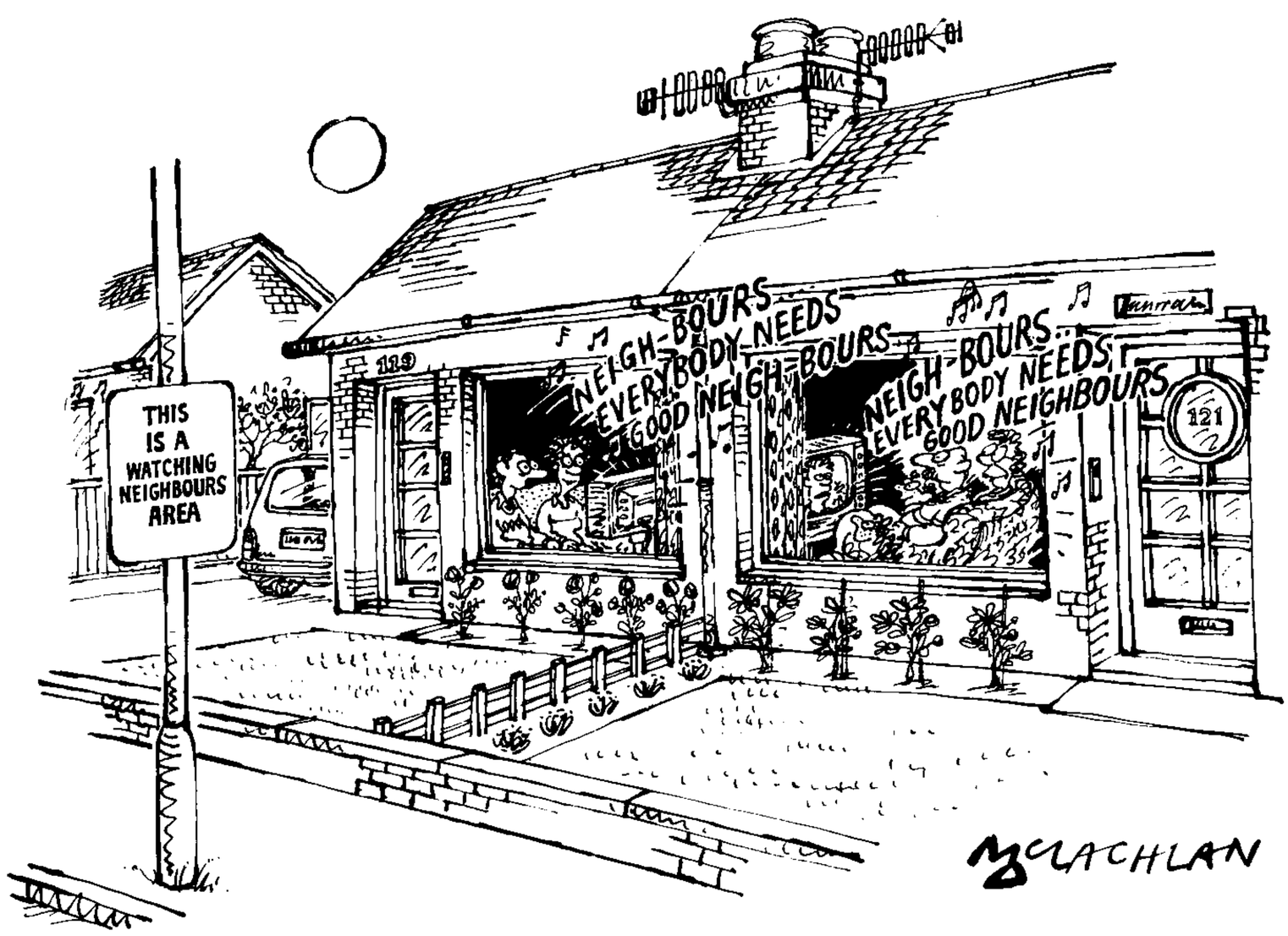
Mr. Justice Garland: On July 10, 1991 in the Crown Court at Kingston before His Honour Judge Wakley this appellant was tried on an indictment which contained three cunts.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE REPORTS

4 Do a Rough Draft

If you first write your application in draft, it will avoid mistakes and repitition and ensure that the final version is well organised, well presented and relevant.

Tower Hamlets Education Authority



BBC Autumn Highlights

Lady Chatterbox's Lover
by D.H. Lawrence

Adapted for TV by
Mellorvyn Barg

Trouble starts when lusty Lady Antonia de Chatterbox phones up raunchy David Mellors and invites him round for a slice of game pie. Mellors get carried away and tells her:

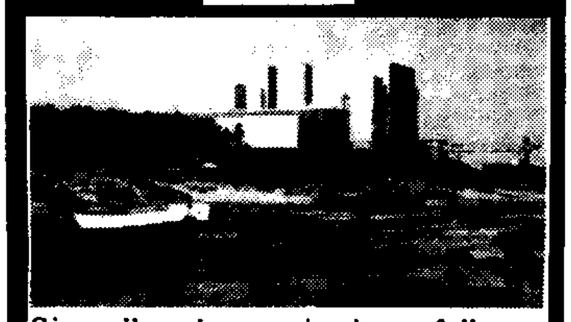
" 'Appen tha has a lovely pair o' knockers, tha has. Cum o'er here, lady, and give ma toes a sook."

© World Copyright Mellorvyn Bragg

Next Week: The Pieman Cometh by Arthur Mellor

Clare Dyer adds: Death by hanging was the penalty for murder in mainland Britain until 1965, when it was temporarily suspended. Suspension was made permanent in 1970.

Grauniad



Sizewell nuclear station is carefully designed to fit into its rural setting.

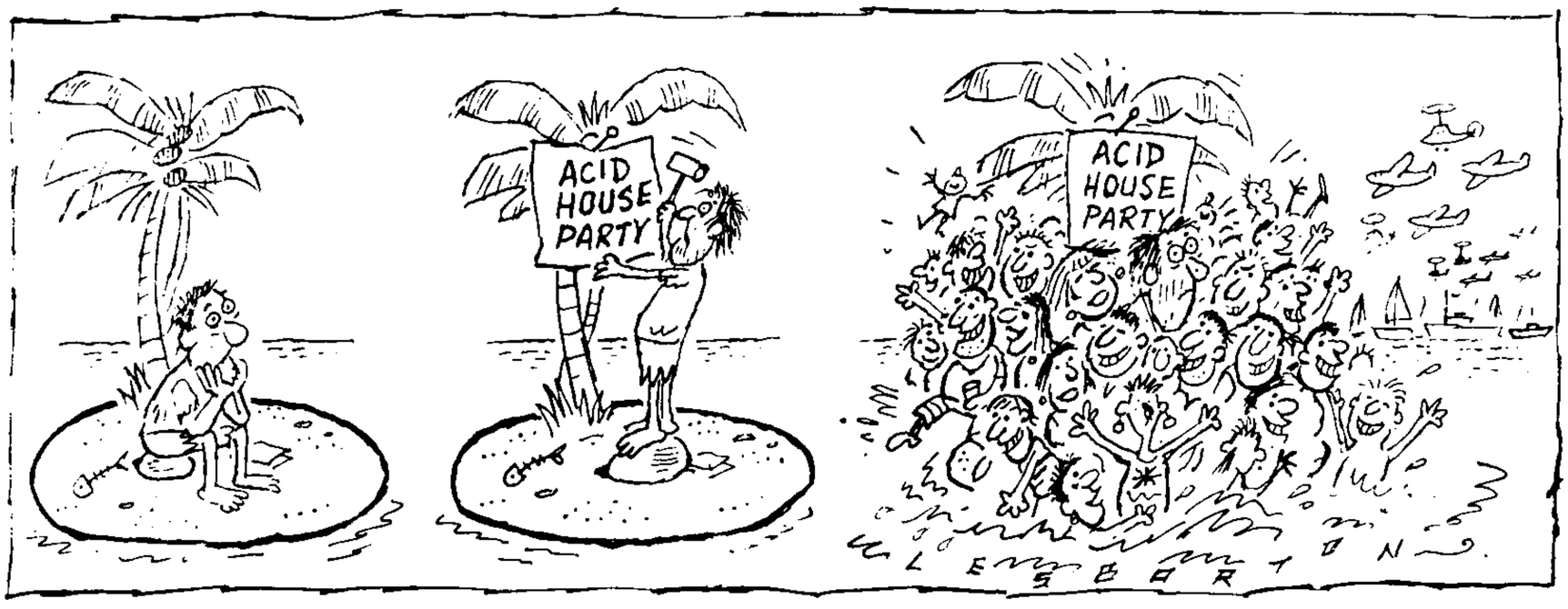
Reader's Digest

■ Mellor – cosmetic changes will not do.

IPMS Bulletin

Great Bores of Today.

"... only in this country would there be such a fuss about such an utterly trivial event which has no bearing on anything who wants to read about it? The papers are full of it page after page of the stuff every day some new so-called revelations who on earth is interested? When you think about what's going on in the rest of the world Yugoslavia and Italy it's appalling and what makes the headlines here? some silly affair between two consenting adults they're over 21 aren't they? what's it got to do with us what they do behind closed doors? it's their own business good god in this day and age you'd think we'd be beyond all this the French are so much more mature than we are it wouldn't even have rated a mention in the French press I mean everyone knows about Mitterrand even in America the whole Clinton business is irrelevant now *who cares?* I can't bring myself to read it all that nonsense about the pizza and the one-legged prostitute and the toes and that mattress on the floor and both her parents dying and she being thirty-one and he's forty-three did you read her statement in the *Indie*...?"



The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Sunday

A not inconsiderably distressing event has occurred. My friend David Mellor rang me to ask if I had seen the *People*. "Of course I have," I said. "Only last week I visited a new unemployment centre in Basildon and there were plenty of them there, all shouting at me to show their support."

"No," said David. "The newspaper *called* the *People*. They say I am having an affair with an actress."

I was shocked and said it was high time we passed a law to stop these lies being printed. "You are the man to do it," I told him.

There was a pause at the other end of the line and then Mr Mellor coughed. "They're not lies, John," he said quietly.

"You mean you *are* having an affair with an actress?" I asked.

"No, no," he said. "As soon as I read it in the paper I broke it off."

I was in no small measure relieved at his assurances.

"Is your wife standing by you?" I asked.

"Don't be stupid," he said. "She's upstairs. I haven't told her about it yet and I've hidden the paper."

Monday

I told my friend David that his affair was all very unimportant and that no one in the Party was interested in this.

At the public spending meeting not one of the Cabinet even mentioned it when David came in. Mr Portfolio said, "We must all *toe* the line, gentlemen." Everyone laughed, which showed how determined we are to keep the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement down.

"There must be cuts," I said in my firm voice. "Well then," said Norma Lamont, "David will have to get his chopper out."

I felt obliged to point out to everyone, when they stopped laughing, that this was not an appropriate remark in view of the fact that David was not in the Treasury but Minister of Fun. "Fun is one way of putting it," said Mr Heseltine, winking at Mrs Bottomley.

When the break came, Mr Waldegrave brought in the morning coffee and biscuits. ("Hobknobs" he announced, looking at Mr Mellor for some reason.)

Mr Mellor took me to one side

and told me there had been some more stories about the actress in the papers, but this would be the end of it. I am sure he is right, oh yes.

Tuesday

The Labour Party have made a great error, in my judgement, by electing John Smith as their leader. I said this to my Norman over the Rice Krispies. "Why's that?" she asked.

"Well, it is obvious," I replied. "They have chosen a boring man in glasses who looks like a bank manager. He can never win an election." "I wouldn't be so sure," she said mysteriously, giving me a funny look.

She then handed me the newspaper with the headline 'YOU DIRTY RAT' SAYS MELLOR IN LAW.

"What are you going to do?" she said. I told her that David was my friend and that I always stood by my friends. "Like your friend Chris Patten," she said. "Exactly," I agreed.

Wednesday

We had a not undecidedly tricky meeting today to discuss the cuts. Mr Heseltine was not at all helpful.

"We promised the electorate we would spend this money. Now you are saying we are not going to."

Mr Portfolio looked red in the face and said: "Times have changed, Michael. In case you hadn't noticed, the election is over."

This was a brilliant point by Mr Portfolio which quickly silenced Mr Heseltine, who said: "I suppose the Recovery is over as well, is it?"

Then Mr Lamont went red as well. As ever I had to bring the meeting to order with my very stern voice. "Gentlemen," I said, "there are more important affairs to discuss," and everyone looked at David and sniggered.

Afterwards he took me to one side and assured me that the trouble was now all over. He had spoken to his father-in-law and told him to stop talking to the press. This is finally the end of it, I am sure.

Thursday

The Press have gone too far this time. Oh yes. There is a report that a Cabinet Minister rang up the *Sun* in order to smear Mr Paddy Ashdown. My mettle was indisputably up and I called all of the Cabinet into my office one by one and confronted them face to face.

They all said: "It was not me. I know nothing about it except that it was David Mellor."

They are all gunning for him now which is another reason why I will stand by him come what may.

Friday

"Mellor Threatens Father-in-Law". "Actress Starred in Pizza Porno Shocker". "My Son-in-Law Is Disgusting". "One-Legged Hooker Was Mellor's Fancy in Night of Lust". Really it is disgraceful the way the *Daily Telegraph* treats serious issues. It really put me off my Coco Pops (which I always leave till last in the Kellogg's Variety Pack).

After the Cabinet meeting Mr Hurd drew me aside and said:

"Loyalty is all very well, Prime Minister, but there are times when even a friend must be sacrificed for the greater good."

I remembered him saying something similar with the regard to the woman in the House of Lords who I never mention.

"No, Douglas," I said, "you're wrong. David has assured me that it is all over."

"Yes, Prime Minister," he said, looking down his toffee nose. "It is all over the front pages."

I thought about this for some considerable period and decided that I would not be bullied into anything by the Press. Perhaps it is time for David to go.

Sunday

David must stay. This is the view of the Sunday Telegraph and I agree. He is an outstanding Minister and a great personal friend of mine. This is good news as I was never sure if he liked me.

Anyway, today he has gone to see his in-laws, which proves there is no rift between them as all the papers claimed. Yet the press go on pursuing him, even taking a photo of the family group at their home! This is a shocking invasion of

privacy and I will tell whoever is in charge of dealing with the Press to take firm action to stop this happening again.

Monday

Lord Tebbit, as he now calls himself, who as we all know is a friend of the woman I will not name, i.e. Lady Thatcher, has spoken out of turn. [Memo: how do these people get into the House of Lords? It is quite disgraceful.]

Now he has attacked my friend Norma Lamont, saying that the recovery is over. This is absurd. How can it be over when it hasn't even started?

IN THE COURTS

The case of Jani Alan v. Channel 4. Day 94

The court heard today of the alleged obsession of a South African woman journalist, Ms Jani Alan, with the elderly charismatic leader of Britain's notorious organisation of libel lawyers, Mr Pieter Carterre-Fuck.

Mr George Carphone QC for the defence cross-examined Ms Alan.

CARPHONE: I put it to you, as indeed most men do... *(Court laughs)* ...that you were obsessed with this man Carterre-Fuck and you saw him as a way to fame and fortune, did you not?

MS LUNI: You may say that but I have never met him except several times in his offices.

CARPHONE: What about these letters — and I quote: "I'll get the briefs off immediately. This is the big one. Yours sincerely, P. Carterreblanche, Commissioner and Solicitor for Money."

MS LUNI: I do not deny that he was a magnetic figure. Six feet tall in a grey suit with laser eyes that made you think he could make you a huge pile. Yes, I was under his spell.

CARPHONE: And what about this diary, Ms Luni? There seems to be many entries,

The couple at the centre of the storm

which I suppose is appropriate. *(More laughter in court)* I shall read one only. "3.00pm. Meet lawyer for lunch. What an old c— he is." What is this "C" word, Ms Luni?

LUNI: I do not know.

CARPHONE: It is Carter-Ruck is it not?

LUNI: I feel unwell.

JUSTICE POTTY: Perhaps you would like to lie down?

LUNI: Your place or mine?

(Court adjourns)

UN FORCE FOR OVAL?

by our Cricket Correspondent
Frank Peace-Keating

PLANS are underway to airlift a three-thousand-strong UN peacekeeping force to the beleaguered Oval to keep the warring Test sides apart.

In what has become a long-drawn-out battle between rival forces, there have been renewed clashes when Muslims under their fiery leader, Javed Miandad, queried a number of LBW appeals.

Shurely shome Mushtaq?

This further worsened relations with Captain Gooch's men and there was an uneasy ceasefire as both sides sat down for tea *(shurely "talks" Ed)*.

However, informed sources believe that the truce, one of many this year, will not last and that hostilities will resume providing the weather holds up.

ON OTHER PAGES

"Why Gooch should have walked" by Cricket's 'Mr Fairplay' Imran Khantwrite.

PRIVATE EYE EXCLUSIVE

THAT KELVIN MACKENZIE–TORY CENTRAL OFFICE PHONE CALL IN FULL

This is the complete and shocking transcript of the telephone conversation between a senior-ranking Tory Minister and the Editor of the *Sun*, Mr Kelvin Mackenzie OBE. It was obtained legally by bugging the *Sun*'s office with the help of trained burglars who were paid huge amounts of money by Lord Gnome.

Tapes (Ringing noise)

Sharon Tracy: Hello?

Mr X: Is that Mr MacFilth?

Tracy: Who wants him?

Mr X: Just say it's Mr X from Central Office.

Tracy: Kelvin, it's that Mr Wakeham again.

Mr X: No it isn't. It's the other one.

Tracy: Putting you through, Mr Baker.

Mr X: No, it's the other one.

Tracy: So sorry, Mr Patten.

Mr X: No...

Tracy: You're through now.

MacFilth: Who is it? I'm busy filling in me expenses.

Mr X: I have some rather interesting information for you, Mr MacFilth, concerning Mr Ashdown.

MacFilth: Who?

Mr X: The leader of the Liberal Party.

MacFilth: He's a poof is he? They usually are.

Mr X: No, he's quite the opposite. He's a bit of a ladies' man.

MacFilth: What? Legover? Now you're talking! I can see the Front Page already! Paddy Pantsdown! Vote Conservative!

Mr X: Yes, that's the sort of thing. John would be very pleased and there might be something in it for you.

MacFilth: A knighthood! Bugger me! The missus would like that. Go for it, squire. Just give me the names and addresses.

Mr X: Well actually we haven't got those as yet. We thought you chaps could just make them all up like you usually do.

MacFilth: What are you suggesting? That the *Sun* would tell whoppers? The only whoppers we've got is on page 3! Ha Ha Ha Ha! It's true, isn't it, Sharon?

Sharon *(listening on extension)*: Yes, Mr MacFilth.

Mr X: Well, perhaps you could have a word with MI5. They've usually got some stuff on the opposition...

MacFilth: Nah, sorry Mr X. I'll have to pass on this one. You want to try the *Sunday Times*, it's more their sort of thing. If you hang on, Sharon will put you through.

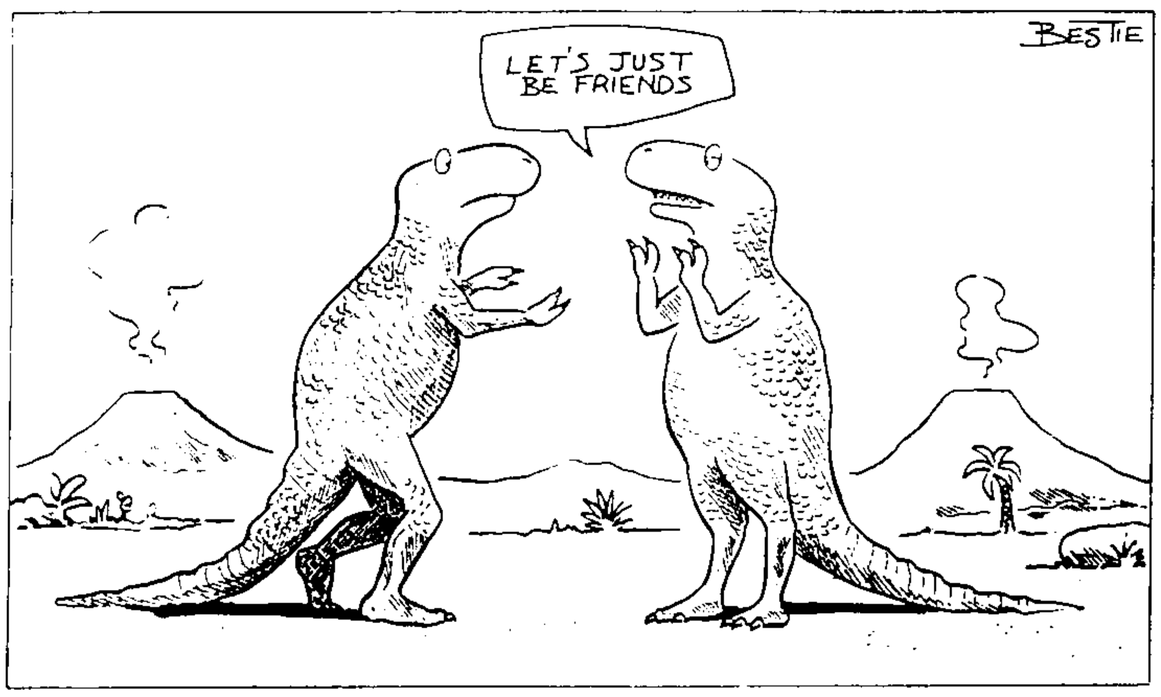
(Short burst of "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik")

Scottish voice: Hello there, have you got any filth?

Mr X: I've something rather good on Paddy Ashdown.

Andrew Neill *(for it is he)*: Is he a poof then?

(Tape ends)



DINOSAURS DIED OUT DURING THE PLATONIC PERIOD

THE BIG MATCH

The Alison Halford case

LAWYERS WIN IN SURPRISE RESULT

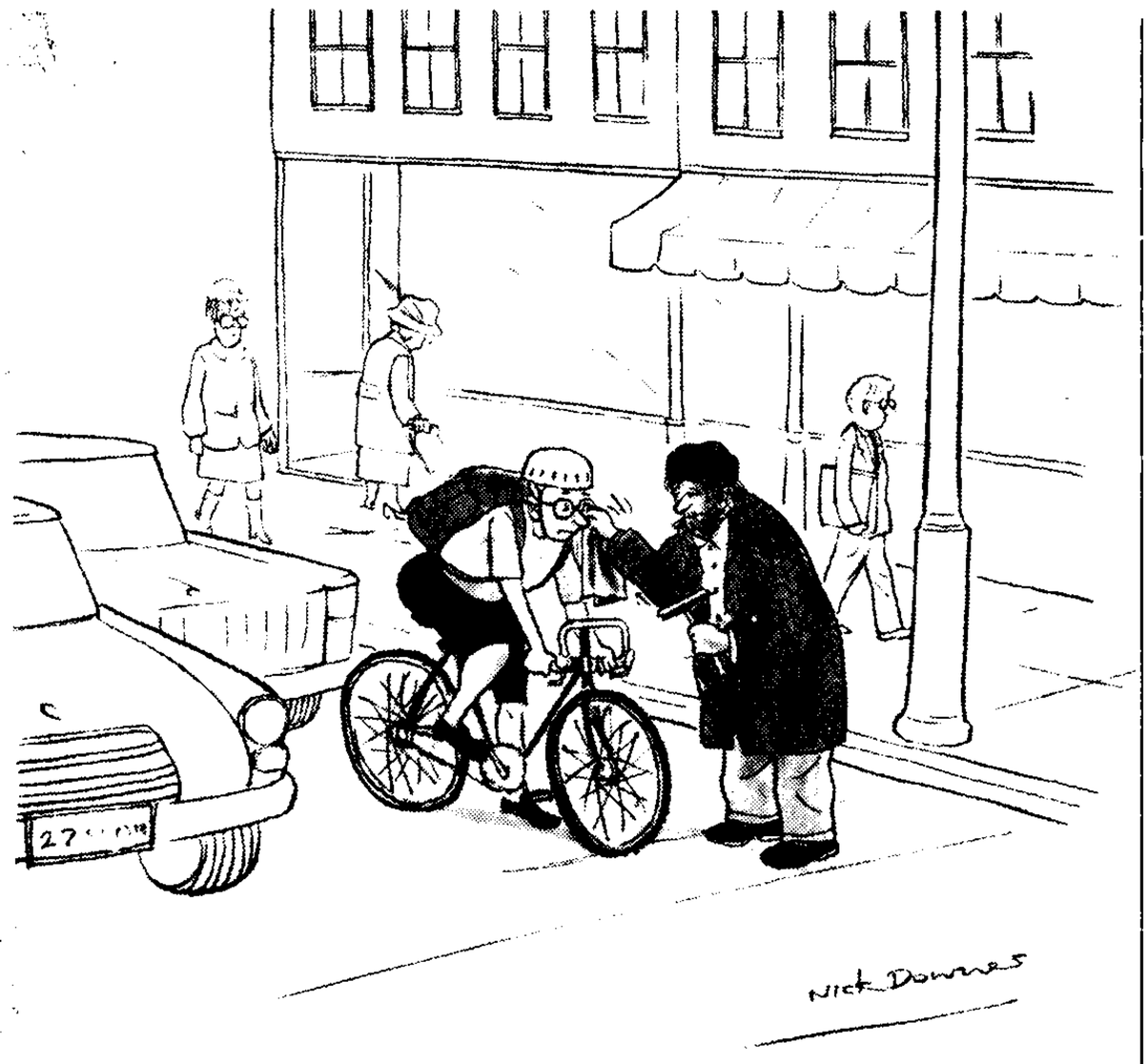
by Our Police Staff **Z. Cars**

IN A ruling that sent shock waves through the nation, the case of Inspector Knicker vs Inspector Knacker was today decided in favour of a group of 77 lawyers, all of whom are to receive payments of well over £500,000 each.

The sums are compensation for the excessively long hours, often up to 4.30 in the afternoon, that the lawyers have to work in order to prove nothing at all.

Said a relieved Inspector Knacker: "There are no winners and no losers in this case - except for the taxpayer, who has lost a million pounds. We are, however, providing counselling services to members of the public during this difficult time when they feel ripped off."

Inspector Knicker is 52.



MAJOR BACKS PRIVACY BILL IN WAKE OF SCANDAL

by our Political Staff **Dominic Pratt**

THE Prime Minister has given his personal backing to a "draconian new Bill" to curb the power of the press in revealing matters that are "of no public interest".

He has let it be known that he is furious at the way the recent Government scandal has been plastered all over newspaper front pages.

Sources close to John Major say that he feels the press has gone too far this time and that it can no longer be relied upon to act responsibly.

Cock-up

Said one senior figure: "John does not expect to see the private details of Britain's economic problems splashed all over the tabloids. Nor does he want to read accounts of Norman Lamont's financial performance over his breakfast. Politicians are entitled to a degree of privacy over their professional lives. Of course they are not saints and there are limits to what the public can reasonably expect from their elected representatives in terms of their personal competence."

The source continued: "Norman Lamont has been put through hell by the press just because he made a few mistakes with the economy. This is nobody's business but his own and the needless suffering that he and loved ones like John Major have gone through is disgraceful."

The Prime Minister will be introducing the new Bill as a first measure in clamping down on press intrusion into political life."

ON OTHER PAGES

"Recession over" says Lamont p.3
"Leg over" says Mellor p.6

MELLOR DRAMA

Who are they — the key players in the Scandal of the Century? **The Private Eye Guide** that clears up the confusion.

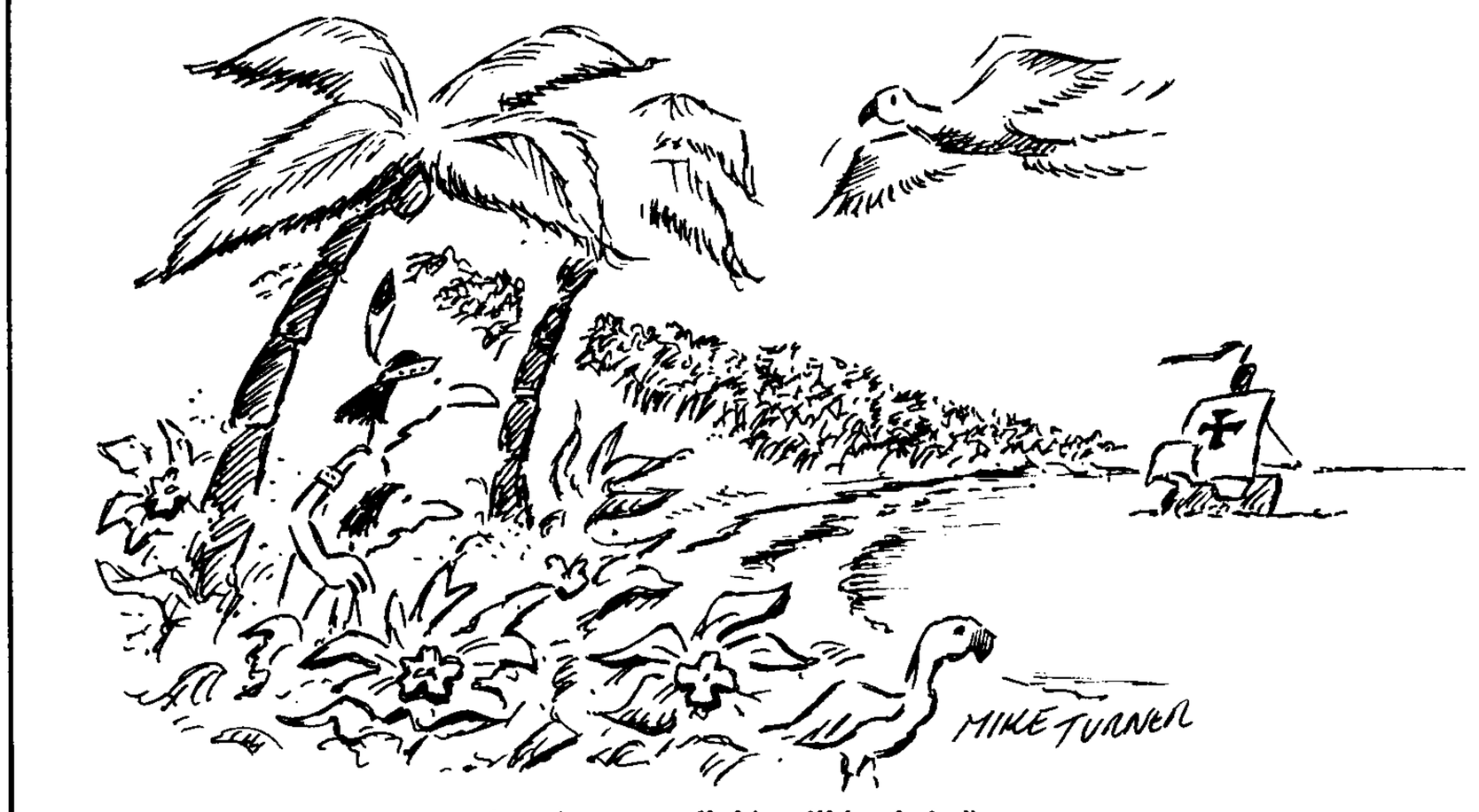
David Mellor. Gap-toothed, mop-headed Minister for Fuck *(shurely 'Fun'? Ed).*

Dominic Pratt. Mystery journalist and former lover of Christina de Keela. No one knows why he has a job *(shurely shome mishtake? Ed).*

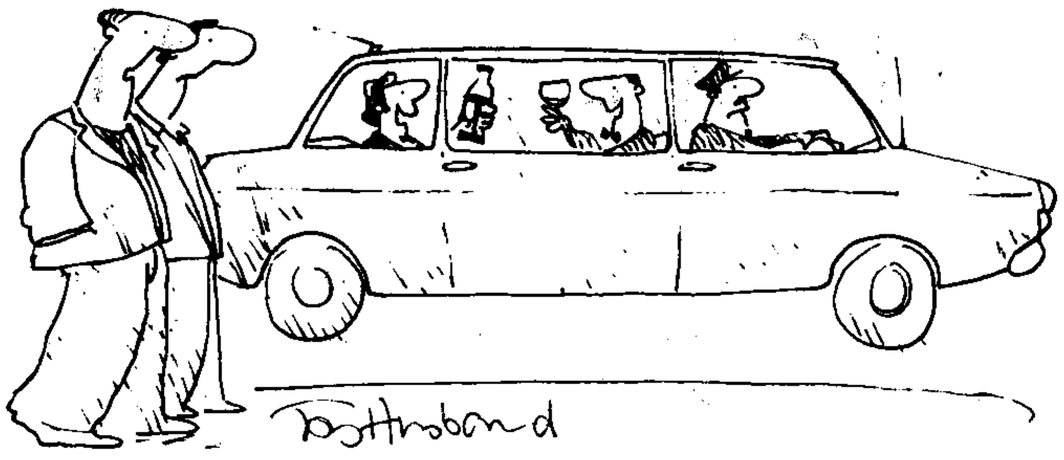
Pamella de Sancha. Sultry Indian actress who bewitched the Minister by sucking up to the Tories *(shurely 'toes'? Ed).*

Professor Keays. Outraged father-in-law of David Steel's home-loving wife Judy who compared actress Sarah de Keays to cartoon character Olive Oyl and said of son-in-law Parkinson: "David is an awfully nice chap who should be strung up. It's the only language he understands." *(Shurely sheveral mishtakes? Ed.)*

Paul Melloran. Mystery journalist and friend of top Tory David English *(shurely 'Mellor'? Ed).*



"One day, son, all this will be theirs"



"I bet they do the adverts for Carling Black Label"

PETER McLIE

The World's Worst Columnist

WHATEVER happened to the good old-fashioned sex scandal? Profumo, Lambton, Parkinson? Those were the days, were they not? Today's bunch of Tories under the dreary John Major are a dull crew indeed, to be sure. Not one of them would know a bonny lassie if she was staring him in the face. All this gang of greymen do in the evening is go home to their wives and play scrabble in front of the TV. Don't you yearn for a bit of excitement in the news to spice things up a bit?

☐ **HAVE you noticed that the sky is full of fluffy white things nowadays? But no one seems to take a blind bit of notice. Why is this? To my unscientific eye they look like lumps of cotton wool cluttering up the blue ether. Yet I have searched the papers in vain for an explanation of this phenomenon. Everyone must be on holiday. It is a national scandal, no less.**

☐ *WOULDN'T it be grand if every so often — say, every four years or so — all the athletes in the world came together to compete with each other? Maybe they could be given medals for first, second and third place in their events.*

But no. Such idealism has no place today in our candyfloss society and the politicians would never allow it.

Isn't life grand?

☐ **HAVE you seen the new BBC soap opera** *EastEnders*? **Set in London's East End, it is already out of date. I predict this tawdry tripe will be one of the biggest disasters in Auntie's history.**

Go on, make my day.

(You're fired. Ed.)

PRESS CLEARED OVER MELLOR STORY

by our Media staff **Bill Privacy**

"The Press had every right to reveal details of Mr Mellor's private life."

So said the 25-strong Press Complaints Commission after a 3-minute meeting at their offices in the News of the World building yesterday.

The full statement from the impartial regulatory body read:

"Having duly considered and indeed enjoyed all the coverage of Mr Mellor's unfortunate peccadillo, we the undersigned have concluded that the Press has an inalienable right, nay, duty to preserve the moral life of the nation by subjecting Ministers of the Crown to the closest possible scrutiny with whomsoever and wherever soever it is deemeth paramount to ensure the health of the democratic process itself."

Signed

PATSY SLAGG,
Editor, *News of the Filth*

BRIAN HITCHUPYOURSKIRTLOVE,
Editor, *Daily Smut*

DEREK DIRT,
Editor in Chief, *The Sunday Porn*

SID SCUM,
Editor, *The Weekly Drivel*

LADY LUDMILLA STARBORGLING,
Vice President of the Women's Royal Volunteer Auxiliary Reserve for Distressed Gentlefolk

31 JULY ● **THE SUNDAY TIMES**

TOP TEN BORES

This Week		Last Week	Weeks On List
1	Christopher Columbus	1	500 years
2	Trevor Macdonald	–	–
3	Michael Frayn	–	–
4	Lord MacGregor	4	2
5	Bernard Levin	7	3,716
6	Call "Nick" Ross	6	207
7	Clive James (Best Of)	31	1,724
8	Nick Faldo	–	–
9	Peter Stothart	–	–
10	Fizz	10	1

This week's Bores are compiled by the staff of the Modern Review

Desert Island Dics

(shurely 'Discs'? Ed)

Your cut-out-'n'-keep souvenir guide to the Minister of Fun's historic selection of eight records

1. Sibelius *Legovia Suite In A Friend's Flat.*
The Battersea Symphony Orchestra.
Solo Buffoon: P. Halloran.

2. Bach's *Tocata and Fuck (shurely 'Fugue'? Ed)* for solo organ (D. Mellor).

3. Love Duet from Donizetti's *I Adulterati* (sung by Kiri Tee Hee Hee and Dietrich Compact-Dieskau).

4. Schubert's *Die Schöne Mellorin*
Robert Endintears (tenor).
Gerald Moretocome (piano).

5. Gabriel Foureye's *Requiem in J Major*
Conservative Central Office Choir conducted by Sir Norman Fowler.

6. Bach's *Air on a G-String* (arranged for the Mellors Ensemble by Paolo Hallorani).

7. Debussy's *Après-Midi d'Un Fornicator*
Orchestre de Lettres Francais.
Conducted by Sir Branson Mates.

8. Purcell's *Strumpet Voluntary*
Antonia de Sancha (strumpet).
D. Mellor (horn).

Luxury: Take-Away Pizza.

"Do you think this 'Care in the Community' will actually work?"

This week's Honorary Degrees

Actress Antonia de Sancha, star of Sophocles' *Agamemnon*, Vanbrugh's *The Country Wife* and Electric Blue's *The Pieman* is pictured here receiving her Honorary Degree of Doctor of Letters (D.Litt) from the University of Neasden (formerly the Dollis Hill Polytechnic).

Also in the picture is publisher Paul Raymond, seen receiving an honorary Doctor of Letters from the University of Trelford New Town.

That Mellor Family Sunday Lunch in full

Love's Nest Soup
Honeydew Mellor (sliced)
Mr Pieman's Pizza ("They're toe-lickin' good")

— ❋ —

Legover of Lamb
Mother's Beef
with
Toma-toes Salad
Leaks

— ❋ —

From the Dessert Island Trolley
Fresh Tart with Humbug Topping
Peach Mellor
Tapping-oca Pudding

— ❋ —

Unsavoury
Walsh Rarebit

— ❋ —

To drink
Spanish Fly

John Cole on the new Labour Front Bench

Hondootedly Moster John Smith botticelli sancho panza simply red chris de burgh New Lok Leebor Party Moster Gordon Brown New Broom conde nast castle carey montserrat caballe palermo Mossis Margaret Thotcher *(shurely 'Buckett'? Ed)* Safe Pair of Hands at Treasury magwitch pugwash viva zapata Moster Tony Blair Nuxt Leader But Three alma cogan shrimp boats are a-comin' eugene de terreblanche Moster Breean Goold Shadow Moster William Waldegrave spudulike barcelona jascha heifetz flimflamfloozywiththefloyfloy colman's mustard Gerald Kaufmann bows out footsie tootsie pot noodle mulligatawney salamander salamanca cosa nostra Ms Mo Mowlam New Emphasis on Wummen sam saturday eldorado harry enfield legover *(contd page 94)*

"Mavis! Mavis! Come quickly. We've just got a bronze in the rifle shooting"

THE GNOME BOOK OF NEW AGE THERAPY

Introducing the most comprehensive guide ever to the life-enhancing world of alternative healing

FOR centuries we in the West have been shackled to a rigid medical doctrine which treats only the physical symptoms of our ailments whilst ignoring the wondrous power of nature's own remedies to cure our whole being. Now, at last, the New Age has dawned and here, in this sumptuous 3,000-page volume, are to be found the definitive answers to holistic health.

You will find:

Lingual Therapy — The Egyptians discovered 250 separate pressure points on the tongue corresponding to all the major organs of the body. By inserting small glass pins into the tongue, a trained labial therapist can effect lasting cures for a large number of diseases, including Toxothema, Pringe and Masteriotis (Potter's Ear).

Oriental Hair Massage — Dating back to the time of Confucius, this Chinese therapy involves the manipulation of individual strands of hair. Ancient Xung writings show that hair massage stimulates our plecto-neural

networks, which carry vital minerals to source meridians. Studies in the Swedish Institute of Holistic Trichology prove that Oriental hair massage is a major factor in the achievement of longevity.

Deep Custard Therapy — Aztec civilisation thrived through the religio-medical ritual of total immersion in warm custard. Made from the bark of the South American Birdz tree, the liquid must be heated to body temperature before treatment commences. Recent research shows that custard opens the so-called Golden Corridors of the body, allowing the poisonous metaxo-toxins to drain away into the custard. The world's leading Deep Custard therapist, the French-Canadian Dr Jacques Coustard, has proved that this centuries-old practice cures all bisonamic disorders, including Framp's Disease and chronic Sangria.

About the Authors

Husband and wife team **Dr Richard and Dr Judy Aquarius** are the world's foremost authorities on New Age Health. Dr Richard Aquarius studied at the California Institute of Auroric Awareness and now lectures at the Osaka School of Zen Computing. Dr Judy led the celebrated pyramidology research team in Newfoundland before taking over as Director of the Elephant Therapy Clinic in Heidelberg. They married in 1979 and have together produced a string of best-selling New Age titles which have been translated into 300 languages, including Pyjami and Fiatuno.

Prince Charles writes in his foreword

"It's terribly important in a genuine sense to discover the real thingie about oneself so as to you know sort of gain one's health as it were. I mean, living in cities it really is, what can one say?, appalling with all these terrible buildings everywhere and these Walkmen whatsits that everyone has and pesticides in the countryside and this frightful Fergie woman one reads about. What was it that my old friend Sir Laurens van der Post once said? 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away' — and that's so true when you really think about it, isn't it?"

Did you know?

DAMP sliced bread applied to the forehead will cure migraines. The reaction of water on yeast will act as a natural poultice to alter the Hp balance in the necto-cranium.

KEEPING a budgerigar can dramatically reduce heart disease. The pitch of the budgerigar's song is exactly that of the human cardiosonic system (approx 170 mfis per sec). This creates a perfect symbiotic balance for the human organism.

EATING a carrot before sleep provides the Astral Body with ecto-nutrition, allowing it to re-enter the physical body replenished.

Hurry! Hurry ! Hurry! Don't be disappointed!

For the sake of your health and the health of your family, order your copy of THE GNOME BOOK OF NEW AGE THERAPY *at once!*

Remember!

You may have a fatal illness that could be cured instantly just by buying this book! Don't delay!

Send cash only to:

Gnome Health Leisure plc, Box 94, Canary Wharf, Docklands.

I am over 18 and watch Eldorado.

Here is my money.

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Non-refundable. Allow 21 years for delivery.

Craig Brown is on holiday. The Diary returns next issue.

Literary Review

From Bad to verse

Dancing The Dream: Poems and Reflections
Michael Jackson
(Doubleday, £9.99)

POETRY is sissy stuff that rhymes. Usually, you can't give it away. But this little bundle of bosh is riding high in the bestseller charts, up there with *Diana* and the Michelin Guide to stuffing your face.

This phenomenon is the final confirmation of how insignificant books are now, in comparison to the music business. Pop is publishing's last hope. Publishers know that if you can get any fraction of a rock audience to consider buying a book, you're in the money.

'Course, it's not so easy, as a visit to the book section of any *Virgin* record shop soon shows. There you see them, the young, in all their glory, patiently holding books up to their ears, or doggedly trying to insert them into the slots of their CD-players. A few bright sparks have worked out that the things have to be opened, the pages turned, so as to be seen. These virtuosi stand gazing ecstatically, as picture after picture is revealed by this rewarding trick.

Your actual reading, your *reading* as such, however — you know, the grimy finger wobbling along the line of type, the cracked lips wonderingly forming vocables — is rather less in evidence. In fact, it is obviously only conscientiousness, and pride in craftsmanship, that makes publishers put words in books at all. Just for themselves, they like to feel they're there, although they know they'll never be used.

Such professionalism has its risks, however. For example, if anybody ever did manage to read this collection of his verses, Michael Jackson would stand revealed, irreversibly, undeniably, as completely barking, daffy as a duck, a very long way round the bend. Off the wall, like.

It's not just that his rhymes are duff. (Though they are, wonderfully so: "I looked for you in hill and dale / I sought for you beyond the pale / I searched for you in every nook and cranny / My probing was at times uncanny...")

It's that these compositions give a comprehensive insight into his fantasy life. And Michael Jackson believes he is God. Really.

You can see how it happened, can't you? Celebrity on that scale from childhood onwards would make any of us think rather well of ourselves, after a while. Adulation is always easy to credit.

But Michael has gone the whole hog. He knows He's God, and no mistake. And that makes his book an interesting case-study.

All of these poems celebrate Himself, naturally. What else should He do? If Michael Jackson were God, you might think he was a decent sort of god. As he's just an albino popstar, they read a little oddly.

On the one hand, God is immortal ("Immortality's my game") and very important indeed ("I am the galaxy"). On the other, it is lonely work ("I get lonely sometimes, I get lonely"), because there isn't anybody else to talk to.

The only other human being appearing in these poems is the mother of God ("Eons of time I've been gestating / To take a form been hesitating / From the unmanifest this cosmic conception / On this earth a fantastic reception... No matter where I go from here / You're in my heart, my mother dear.")

Only children and babies appear ("Children show me in their playful smiles the divine in everyone"). Jackson thinks of himself as a holy child. A poem records how he became aware of it: "Magical child grew brave and bold / Diving deep into his soul / In exquisite ecstasy he discovered his role / In his Self was infinite scope / This mysterious force was mankind's hope".

This revelation caused Him certain problems, inevitably, with the rougher types. "He knew his power was the power of God / He was so sure, they considered him odd... this perplexing creature / With the rest of the world he shared no feature." Indeed not.

Yet it has the inestimable advantage of rendering him perpetually youthful (it's rubbish about the plastic surgery) and indeed immortal. "I was born to never die," he says, proudly. After all, can a star die? "'Oh no,' a voice in my head says, 'A star can never die. It just turns into a smile and melts back into the cosmic music, the dance of life.' I like that thought, the last one I have before my eyes close. With a smile, I melt back into the music myself."

Then, really, when you're God, nothing's alien to you, is it? Ostensibly describing His dancing, He lets us know how it feels: "I become the stars and the moon. I become the lover and the beloved. I become the victor and the vanquished. I become the master and the slave. I become the singer and the song. I become the knower and the known. I keep on dancing, and then, it is the eternal dance of creation. The creator and the creation merge into one wholeness of joy." Spiffy, eh?

The only problem is who you can share these splendours with, when you're God. There really isn't anybody suitable. Sure, He talks to His creation. "'Moon, I'm here!' I shout. 'Good,' she replies. 'Now give us a little dance.'" (He does, he does.)

And "Planet Earth, gentle and blue / With all my heart, I love you," he declares, generously, from the vacancies of interstellar space.

But it's not the same, is it? No, the only fit company for Michael is to be found in the mirror. "I wanted to change the world, so I got up one morning and looked in the mirror," begins one classic "reflection". In the mirror he found just his type. "I touched the mirror with a grin. 'Let's not be alone again. Will you be my partner? I heard a dance starting up. Come.' That one in the mirror smiled shyly. He was realizing that we could be best friends. We could be more peaceful, more loving, more honest with each other every day. Would that change the world? I think it will..." A racing certainty, surely.

"One thing I know: I never feel alone when I am earth's child," says Mr Whacko, the world's first stone-washed human being. "This sense of 'the world in me' is how I always want to feel. That one in the mirror has his doubts sometimes. So I am tender with him. Every morning I touch the mirror and whisper, 'Oh friend, I hear a dance. Will you be my partner? Come.'"

You can bet he does it, too. *Spoooooky!* Thank God none of his fans can read.

"You are one Jilly Cooper overweight"

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

☐ **NUMEROUS literati are quaking at the news that Graham Greene's library is to be sold, item by item, later this year.**

How much, for example, will Malcolm Bradbury — he of the much-touted creative writing school in East Anglia — have to pay in order to suppress a copy of the anthology *Evelyn Waugh and His World*, to which he contributed an essay?

At the top of Bradbury's piece, Greene has scribbled: "How can one trust a critic unable to write good English? How EW would have shuddered at the style!" Further on, Greene diagnoses rampant egotism, and, later still, asks of one paragraph: "Does this mean anything?"

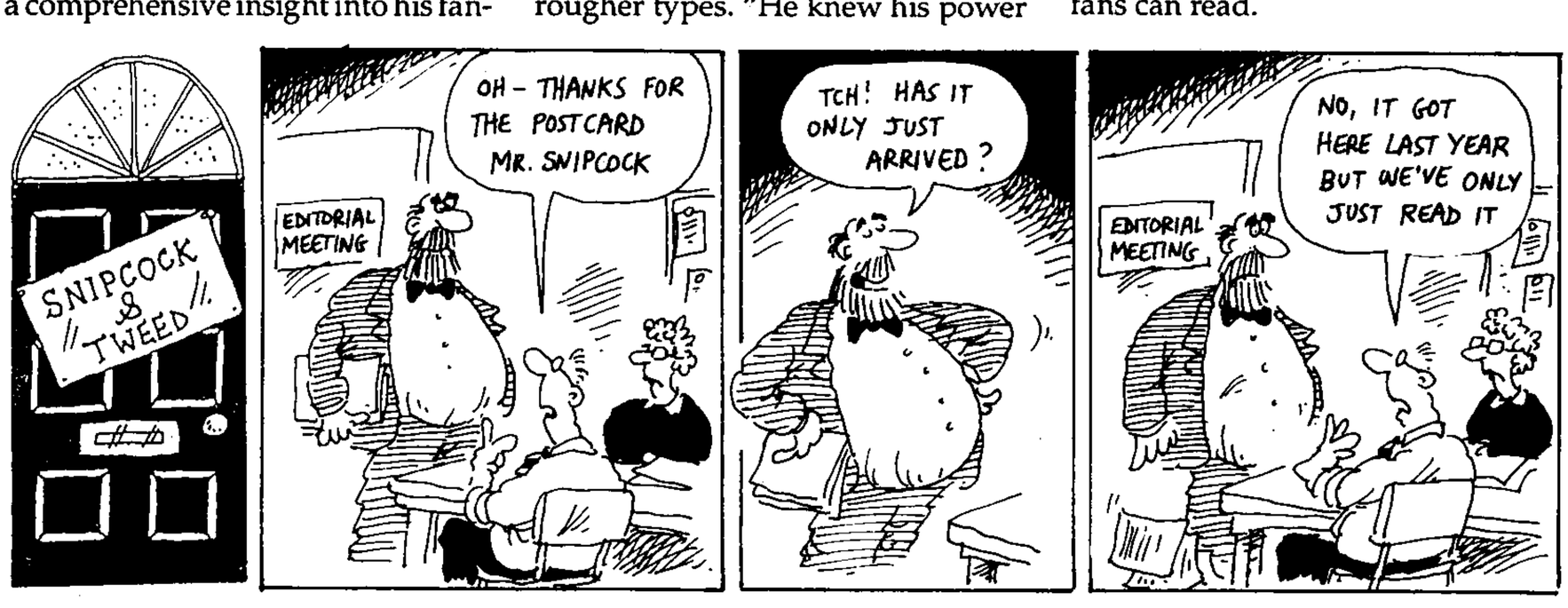
It need hardly be added that Greene did not possess any of Bradbury's full-length efforts.

■ DO I detect a slight nervousness at Messrs Jonathan Cape about the latest offering from lesbian novelist Jeanette Winterson, *Written on the Body*, which they are to publish in September?

The book, in which the first-person narrator describes a torrid love affair with a married woman, carries an unusually prominent disclaimer stressing that *Written on the Body* "is a work of fiction". Why, I wonder, are the publishers so keen to emphasise this point? And why is a famous male novelist, whose wife is acquainted with Jeanette Winterson, be so annoyed by the description of the cuckolded husband in the book?

☐ *THE increasingly time-serving and demoralised "publishers" of the various imprints of the Reed International trade division are discovering that there is one rule for them, another for marketing directors — especially when the marketing directors are just good friends of managing director John Potter. Geoffrey Strachan of Methuen, Dan Franklin of Secker & Warburg and Helen Fraser of Heinemann were told that, what with the recession and falling sales, they would not be welcome at this year's Frankfurt book fair at the end of September. This, the ebullient Potter explained, was to allow him and his favourite marketing director, Mary Harpley, to spend two days in France post-Frankfurt presenting next year's books (about which as yet they know virtually nothing) to the bosses of Reed's export companies. At Frankfurt the Group's editorial credentials will be extolled by Sir Sincere Sinclair-Stevenson, who declines to be gated in his Kendrick Mews stately home.*

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
EDITORIAL MEETING
OH - THANKS FOR THE POSTCARD MR. SNIPCOCK
TCH! HAS IT ONLY JUST ARRIVED?
EDITORIAL MEETING
NO, IT GOT HERE LAST YEAR BUT WE'VE ONLY JUST READ IT

THE HALFORD AFFAIR

Alison Blunderland

IF there is one thing crying out to be done in the wake of the Halford affair, it's the need for an inquiry into the way the police force on Murkeyside is managed.

"Ours was a rough force and they were heavy drinkers," Lady Margaret Simey commented in evidence during the closing days of the Industrial Tribunal. If even half of Alison Halford's own testimony is to be believed, then the upper echelons of Murkeyside's finest are pissed from arsehole to breakfast time — a fact hardly reassuring to those who pay their wages. (The Murkeyside force has the highest absentee rate through sickness in the country.)

Halford's account of her time with the boys in booze lifted the lid off the antediluvian macho world of hard-drinking provincial coppers. Her diary details many occasions when the police fraternity were far from being on top of crime because they were totally legless.

"Discovered to my delight that one of my colleagues was found wandering drunk around the city, being eyed up by two potential muggers, only to be rescued by the night duty CID." On the CID floor itself, officers "tended to have drinky-poos at the drop of a hat". A driver who gave a "comatose" senior officer a lift home had trouble getting his address out of him.

The sea of ale floated right up to the top. Halford comments on a meeting between senior officers and members of the Police Authority in May 1988: "Campari bottle took a belting. Sir Kenneth's speech became slurred. I led Sir Kenneth to his room at 3 am. I instructed him to take my arm, which he did."

Quite how Alison Halford was supposed to fit into the booze culture was always problematic. Not attending "social functions" was seen as anti-social behaviour. Actually joining the boys for their piss-up was regarded as "unladylike".

It was obvious that Halford would become peeved with the boorish antics of her less intelligent male counterparts sooner rather than later. Not wishing to suffer in silence was the major reason for her downfall.

Halford told fellow Assistant Chief Constable Ernest Miller: "Ernie, you have been a prat for years. Stop being childish. What you need is a punch in the throat." Miller's party trick at official dinners was to eat potatoes with his fingers. When he claimed to have escorted Halford out when she was allegedly high, Halford replied: "He would have jolly greasy hands from his dinner."

Miller was the soul of compassion. When a woman's body was found in the Mersey, he said he hoped it had Alison Halford's name on it. Merseyside Chief Constable Jim Sharples was equally understanding as regards Halford's criticisms of how the police force operated. "That woman must go. I will trample her into the ground," was but one enlightened comment he was heard to make.

It was Sharples who added a postscript to a memo sent to Sir Philip Myers, regional Inspector of Constabulary, questioning Halford's sexuality. It certainly contrasted very strangely with his predecessor Sir Kenneth Oxford's view that Halford was a raving nympho who was having an affair with a psychiatric consultant working for the police authority.

Anti-social teetotaler or drunk? Nympho or lesbian? It just goes to show what complications arise once you let a girlie onto your team.

ANOTHER cause for concern arising out of the Halford debacle is the behaviour of senior politicians who sit on the Murkeyside Police Authority. Two of them in particular — George Bundred and Harry Rimmer (respectively Chairman and Deputy Chairman) — have pursued the case against Halford with a spirit bordering on vindictiveness, and wasted considerable public money into the bargain.

When adding up the total costs of the Halford case account must be taken of the judicial review by Justice MacPherson, and the two police inquiries into disciplinary charges against Halford. Both of these amount to around £250,000. As far as the judicial review is concerned, the Merseyside Police Authority paid £40,000 to meet Halford's legal costs, in addition to meeting the legal bill for their own.

Justice MacPherson made his famous "smell of unfairness" remark at the time, and advised the Police Authority to bring the whole matter to a halt. The MPA ignored this advice and reinstituted disciplinary proceedings against Halford instead.

Bundred's pathological hatred of Halford is well known (see EYE 786). He has semi-publicly slandered her as "a lesbian". He isn't too sympathetic towards her medical problems, either. When dealing with the question of her arthritic knee, he said they would simply have to provide her with a chair. This is a strange comment indeed from someone about to become an honorary member of the Arthritic Research Council.

When the final Halford settlement was agreed on July 21, Bundred at least had the decency to absent himself. Rimmer, for his part, has gone out of his way to be present at all the proceedings. When re-elected as councillor last May, Rimmer threatened to resign as Labour Group Leader unless his colleagues returned him as their representative on the Merseyside Police Authority.

Over the past fortnight, Rimmer has been too sick to attend to the business of Liverpool City Council, yet he has been well enough to go to Police Authority deliberations concerning Alison Halford. His presence there has greatly upset his Labour counterparts, who were mandated to vote for a settlement. (Rimmer was "too ill" to attend.)

The far from progressive stance of senior Labour politicians has caused much embarrassment to Murkeyside MPs of the "baby-boomer" generation. Sadly, there is no Labour government to kick these people upstairs. Their antics are grist to the mill of Kenneth Clark, instead — providing him with a good justification for taking control of the police out of the hands of local authorities entirely.

ALTHOUGH the Halford case has been officially "settled", its consequences are going to rumble on for months, if not years.

A prime patsy in the affair has been ex-Sergeant Alan Maguire, who was alleged to have frolicked with Halford in a millionaire's swimming pool, giving a practical demonstration of life-saving.

The alleged incident was quite harmless considering the veritable orgy which was going on in the house. Indeed, one of the civilian witnesses to the alleged event was in an upstairs room discussing Uganda at the time.

Maguire has since admitted that he lied to blacken Halford's name. He was promised a "nominal punishment" if he pleaded guilty to bringing the force into disrepute. "I was told by a senior Merseyside officer that I was only a pawn in the game and I shouldn't take it personally … that the ultimate objective was to ensure that Miss Halford was convicted."

Curiously, or maybe not, Maguire was advised to plead guilty by the Police Federation. Their adviser also told Maguire he would not need legal representation.

What Maguire got instead was demotion to Police Constable after 28 years on the force, and the loss of £2,000 in salary and pension rights. He is currently off sick with elbow (as opposed to knee) problems, which are definitely not drink related.

Maguire intends to sue the Police Federation for their helpful "advice" and it will be interesting to see whether his treatment is settled as favourably as those of higher rank.

THE Halford affair also casts a strange light on the role of the Home Office and its attendant "security services". In the days before the final settlement, elements within the Home Office were spreading deliberate disinformation about the size of the compo Halford would get. This appeared to many observers as a deliberate attempt to make Halford look like a greedy, money-grabbing cow.

Former Home Secretary Kenneth "self-basting" Baker also claimed no knowledge of the affair in correspondence with Welsh Secretary David Hunt (Halford's local MP). This seems somewhat economical with the truth given his denial of Alan Maguire's right to appeal.

The question of phone tapping was also raised at the Manchester tribunal. Normally the Police Authority paid Halford's phone bill, but they demanded £135.09 for the last quarter. She refused to pay it on the grounds that it would be obscene to pay for the privilege of having someone listen to your calls.

In the last few days, a couple of freelance spooks — "James" from Jersey and "Edouard" based in Belgium, have claimed that they were contacted by the British security services to bug Halford and other public figures on Merseyside, including former council leader Keva Coombes. They turned down the contract on the grounds that they only do commercial work.

Special Branch involvement has also included interviewing members of Wirral Ladies Golf Club — a hitherto unknown centre of international subversion.

POLICE

Masters of Paris

AN intriguing link can be revealed between the jailing of Tony Paris, one of the so-called Cardiff 3, for the murder of Cardiff prostitute Lynette White and Greater Manchester's never-ending Corley affair (*Eyes* passim).

Paris, who is currently serving time at Wormwood Scrubs, continues to protest his innocence for the murder of Lynette White in Cardiff in 1988; and well he might.

The only corroborative evidence used in convicting Paris came from Ian Massey, an armed robber with a string of convictions, who claims Paris admitted to him that he had murdered White while they were both in Cardiff jail in early 1989.

Interestingly enough, Massey was working as a prison inmate orderly when he met Paris. Such cleaning jobs are usually very difficult to come by, yet Massey had been rewarded with his only a month after arriving at Cardiff.

While there Massey had an important visitor — Sergeant Duxbury from the Greater Manchester Police who later went to the Court of Appeal to win Massey a reduced sentence for one of his robberies.

But what was Duxbury doing there? Massey had, in fact, been one of the first witnesses to testify against Ged Corley, the Manchester copper jailed in 1989 for 17 years for supplying weapons to criminals. Massey told Manchester magistrates in June 1988 that he had given Corley £40 for a shotgun.

Corley's case then went to the Crown Court — on the strength of Massey's accusations — but so severe were the other charges against the ex-copper he was never tried over Massey's allegations.

But Corley was later released when it was shown that he had been convicted on the testimony of unreliable "supergrass" witnesses, including Massey. Strange that when Massey claims Paris admitted Lynette White's murder to him he is touted as a reliable police witness.

GAS

Russian roulette

BRITISH Gas may rue its deal to buy the reserves of the giant Karachaganak oil field from the government of Kazakhstan.

While BG and its Italian partner in the arrangement, Agip, were quick to boast about the huge resources they had bagged — Karachaganak's 20 trillion cubic feet of gas equal more than 10 years' total UK consumption — they may have overlooked a detail of the field's location in the north-western part of the former Soviet republic. The region was subjected to dozens of underground nuclear explosions over 20 years, up to the mid-1980s.

The Soviet military had two designated test ranges in north-west Kazakhstan, in addition to the main site at Semipalatinsk in the eastern part of the province, and also carried out several so-called peaceful nuclear explosions (PNEs) in the area. Between 1962 and 1984, Western laboratories recorded 42 separate detonations in the region, eight of 20-200 kilo-tons.

When the Soviet Union collapsed, the predominantly Russian personnel involved in the tests — who knew exactly where they had taken place — cleared out, leaving the Kazakhs little idea of the subterranean radioactive mess they were inheriting.

While the Karachaganak field has been in limited production for some years, BG's intended exploitation will doubtless involve the drilling of many more wells in the outlying parts of the huge oil and gas reservoir. One or more of these could tap in to some very hot gas indeed. Even if none of the tests were close to the field, the force of such explosions would open up underground fissures miles long, through which radioactive fall-out would migrate.

It seems clear that neither the Russians nor the Kazakhs felt any obligation to advise the Western oil companies greedily queuing up to lay claim to their resources of the potential hazard. A senior civil servant in the Russian Ministry of Atomic Power, which has taken charge of the military programmes, told a recent visitor from the West that his ministry had "no interest" in the commercial development of a neighbouring state's resources. With a wry grin, he added: "I very much doubt that the Kazakhs would have told them either."

PROPERTY

Investors' charter

ANGRY investors met at Exchange Quay Salford on the 15th July. They were at a meeting called by Property Enterprise Managers Ltd to discuss a massive tax shelter development at Exchange Quay. The development was constructed by Charter Development (Exchange Quay) Ltd and some £20 million of investors' money was being put at risk. Charter told the P.E.M. team that it has run out of money and could not pay its bills. The meeting was told if the £20 million was not released to assist then the company would go into liquidation.

The fund that was to be used to help pay the bills and other overheads represented rental "guarantees" for the investors.

What the investors found out however was that the guarantee of a rising rental income was a fiction, and that various assurances given in the promotional documents put out by P.E.M. were misleading. Investors face rising costs and diminished income as well as considerable doubt as to the viability of the whole venture.

One peculiar omission from the meeting was the absence of any representative from Charter who would have been able to provide the investors with an accurate and up to date position of the company and its problems.

The chairman when asked if it was possible to have a representative present said after taking advice that it was "inappropriate".

Well, there was a director of Charter in the building and he spoke to some investors at the end of the meeting. Peter White said that he was there specifically to inform investors of the real position but had not been allowed into the meeting. Property Enterprise Managers continue to run the scheme in spite of evidence of ineptitude and mismanagement and will no doubt continue to collect massive fees.

TRANSPORT

Tram sham, sorry Ma'am...

NEARLY four months after the return of trams to Manchester, residents of Britain's second city now realise that the *Eye*'s warnings were justified. Embarrassingly, Metrolink wasn't fully ready for its official opening by Queen Brenda on July 17, even though Manchester transport chiefs have had since 1984 to get it right.

Metrolink already ranks as one of the greatest British municipal follies in Labour Party history. For £130 million, the equivalent of *four years* of government rail subsidy to Manchester, the city has gained three miles of new track in the city centre, allowing Mancunians to avoid changing vehicles if they want to travel by rail between Bury and Altrincham, satellite towns of no historical connection, 18 miles apart.

Ironically, the privatisation-hating Labour councillors who run the area's transport have succeeded in introducing privatisation to the Manchester network with Metrolink. Previously, the Bury and Altrincham railway lines were in the public domain (i.e. British Rail), fares were covered by all-day tickets, and the lines even ran well. Now the route is run by Metrolink, a private company. No wonder Lady Thatch was so keen to help.

But the system has been dogged by a catalogue of planning errors, all of which Manchester transport chiefs were warned against for years and have ignored.

● The politicians failed to ask Manchester if it wanted the system, let alone if it wanted its two best suburban rail lines uprooted and replaced, to no advantage, by trams.

● Despite a heavy programme of Euro-junkets to study continental prototypes, Manchester's Labour politicians failed to provide the public with a continental-styled travelling choice by allowing the tram lines to run alongside rail routes and roads, as, for instance, in Lisbon, a city of similar size. Many roads are now tram-only, leaving the city centre deserted at night. So much for the council's drive to "Europeanise" Manchester.

● Manchester transport chiefs never came clean about Metrolink's purpose, claiming that it provided the city's first ever north-south rail link. Meanwhile, British Rail were demolishing the shortest of the other two links and preparing to close the longer. These could have been saved and promoted at a fraction of Metrolink's cost.

● Manchester's Passenger Transport Executive promised that Metrolink wouldn't be developed at the expense of local rail lines. Yet the PTE has now abolished nearly all local Sunday rail services (without running the trams on a Sunday).

● To complete the farce, Metrolink's route maps are wrong. The maps imply that all city centre stations can be used for travelling in both directions, like a proper network. In fact, the three most central stations have just one platform, taking passengers in one direction only, just to confuse potential users. Then, at Victoria Station, a major interchange with British Rail and the first view many outsiders have of the trams, there are no signs directing travellers to a city centre-bound platform.

● Few commuters are using Metrolink. Those that do have to put up with grossly uncomfortable seats, the lack of any timetable, and incomprehensible automatic ticket machines. Bizarrely, for a system which must exist solely on fare revenue, there are no ticket collectors at stations or on vehicles.

With Metrolink certain to yield little return for its massive outlay (a shortfall which Manchester transport authority, i.e. the long-suffering Poll Tax payer, will have to foot) the private consortium which runs the system will soon cut its losses and pull out. The system will then grind to a halt while another masochist is sought. Who then will pay for it to re-open?

NUCLEAR ENERGY

Mushroom management

ONLY two years before Sizewell B is due to start generating electricity, the nuclear inspectors are still trying to decide whether they can allow it to start up.

They are discussing with the operators, Nuclear Electric, whether the system is safe. Any doubt will mean changes in the design and delays in opening — due in the spring of 1994. That will add to the cost, already above £2 billion. Rumours circulating in informed quarters suggest there could be a nine months' delay, which would mean a loss of £300 million in revenue.

A further worry for Nuclear Electric is that, to satisfy the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate, the reactor might have to be run at a lower temperature than planned. This would reduce its efficiency and add to the price of the electricity during the whole lifetime of the reactor.

The economics would be severely damaged and this, plus the delay, would be desperately serious for the British nuclear industry, which knows that it has to complete Sizewell B to time and to the latest inflated price if it is to retain a shred of credibility.

The problem (first aired in the *Eye* on 8 May) is this: it will be the first nuclear power station in Britain relying on computer software for control. If the software fails — and there has never yet been a computer system which was infallible and foolproof — then safety depends on the secondary protection system, where the computers are controlled by human operators.

Nuclear Electric argues that at that stage it is in the same situation as any other nuclear power station. But the critics say that if human operators are not in control of the station all the time, and they have been led to believe that computer software will cope with all its problems, then the danger is far greater.

The Advisory Committee on the Safety of Nuclear Installations called for a report from an independent software specialist, Professor Bev Littlewood of City University. People close to him are convinced that he has not been persuaded by the arguments of Nuclear Electric.

A meeting was held in secret in June at the site of the Sizewell B station in Suffolk, at which he and Nuclear Electric presented rival reports. The differences were not resolved.

● THE 3,800 Nuclear Electric staff facing the axe (see *Eye*, July 3) might like to ask their blustering chairman, John Collier, to justify a £10 million office refurbishment programme at one of the company's clapped-out Magnox power stations.

NE is shedding nearly a third of its remaining workforce (1,600 have already gone) to slash its operating costs ahead of the government review of nuclear power in 1994, in a futile attempt to prove that nuclear generation can be economic.

In a climate of such financial stringency, it is surprising that the company has awarded Delta Projects of Cwmbran a contract worth £10 million over five years, to tart up the offices at the Trawsfynydd power station in North Wales.

This would seem to be some extravagance — one toilet's refitting will apparently account for £20,000 — at a station that has not produced a watt of electricity since February 1991, since when it has remained closed on safety grounds.

In the City

THE DECISION of the Court of Appeal to acquit the remaining four defendants convicted in the year-long Blue Arrow fiasco does not come as a surprise to those who observe the ease with which City men in suits, unlike the Irish or blacks, find a sympathetic ear.It will be more than usually interesting to see the reasons the judges give for their decision.

Length of trial alone will hardly do. Trials, such as Brinks-MAT, often run for many months without giving cause for acquittal. Fraud trials are more often than not marathons, a tactic of defence lawyers who do not need any encouragement to further procrastination in search of obfuscation.

As to the jury getting it wrong — well that escape route has been closed by the revelations from two Blue Arrow jurors about how and why they found the suits guilty.They would indeed have seemed to have understood only too well what went down in the smoke filled room once the £837 million rights issue flopped. Even though neither side ever chose to let them hear what Blue Arrow chairman Tony Berry had to say. Funny that! No wonder proceedings have been brought against the *Mail on Sunday* for that somewhat inconvenient disclosure.

No doubt the fall guy — well merited given that he has cost the taxpayer up to £40 million — will be the trial judge, Mr Justice McKinnon. But how can it be said that he misled the jury if they came to a similar conclusion to the Department of Trade & Industry inspectors on whose report the prosecution was brought? And how can he be wrong when he manifestly signalled to the jury to find the suits innocent? (A view he emphasised by imposing neither suspended jail sentences nor fines.)

Perhaps it is time for the British judicial system, which pays endless lip service to the all-important role of the jury ("It's a matter for you, members of the jury" is a mantra repeated endlessly by men in wigs) to have the courage to let them speak out. Across the Atlantic jurors in US criminal and civil cases are allowed, indeed sometimes encouraged, to explain why they convicted or acquitted. Jurors even give press conferences, as after the Mike Tyson rape trial.

Why should the workings of the jury system be protected as a state secret and disclosure be illegal under the Contempt of Court Act? Surely not so as to save the embarrassment of revealing the mistakes and misconceptions of the men in wigs who, while going through the motions of respect, normally treat jurors like lesser beings barely able to comprehend which way is up.

MPs,miners and other interested parties would do well to pay very close attention to any proposed bid by Hanson for any or all of British Coal. For despite what may be said publicly by Hanson about any such possible bid — such as to the *Sunday Times* (19 July) — there is also a secret agenda and high on that agenda is the British Coal pension fund.

Suggestions that Hanson has its eyes on that boodle as well as the profits to be made from running the modern pits is not just Labour speak. It is something which is admitted by Hanson executives, including those closest to Lords Hanson and "Slugger" White.

Hardly surprising. For not only is the British Coal fund at £12 billion one of the largest but it is also owner of one of the fattest surpluses, the result of the mismatch of a vast number of past contributors and the much smaller present and future pensioners.

In view of Hanson's past generous treatment of pensioners in another large and over-funded pension fund, Imperial Tobacco, they were so impressed they felt compelled to go to court, members of the British Coal fund would do well to pay attention.

After all, as Hanson chief executive Derek Bonham candidly declared: "The basis on which we are interested, as ever with Hanson, is: can we make money for our shareholders?".

FOR ONCE the latest piece of Hanson news was not broadcast by their lordships' mouthpiece by appointment, the *Sunday Hansongraph*. But then even city editor and faithful admirer John Jay is clearly becoming somewhat embarrassed.

The previous Hanson handout, "Baker to join Hanson board", appeared on 12 July without any byline — strange for a "scoop" revealing the appointment of the former Home Secretary as a Hanson director.

Even the unusually modest "By Our City Staff" byline used on two earlier Hanson handouts — announcing the interest, still to turn into money, in buying Canary Wharf ("Docklands: enter Hanson and White") on 31 May and "Progress on the Hanson Canary plan" on 7 June was omitted.

But then it would not look too good putting "Lords Hanson and White" or "Hanson PR department".

EVER a man with his ear to the ground, stockbroker Deric Homes, aka "The White Rat", is suggested to have been a buyer of Henlys and a seller of certain other motor dealers ahead of the hostile bid from T. Cowie. Such entirely fortuitous if perceptive and well-timed dealing will come as a complete surprise to "Sir" Tom Cowie, better loved by the Conservative Party than the City. But then Homes was always a close follower of T. Cowie and an admirer of Sir Tom's perspicacity.

AS THE Serious Farce Office heads for the last Guinness round-up with the trial of former director Tom Ward, due possibly in October, all is far from well. It seems likely that certain of the four charges which Ward returned from the US to face may be dropped. Furthermore any trial, set to last up to three months, is expected to be entirely at the taxpayers' expense as Ward may well end up on legal aid — despite being a well-connected Washington lawyer with a not exactly impoverished lifestyle.

NOW THAT it has Midland Bank out of its power-crazed head perhaps Lloyds Bank will turn its attention to internal problems such as the major bad loans at its main Jersey branch. Lloyds is reckoned locally to have lost or had to make provision for up to £40 million of bad or doubtful loans.

THE demise of food group Albert Fisher's chairman Tony Millar was precipitated by the non-stop decline in the Fisher share price. That fall was triggered early last year by the enforced resignation of Millar's protege, one-time City dealer Keith Brackpool. He resigned as boss of Fisher's US operations over a $10 million guarantee to Polly Peck from a share deal that went wrong for both him and Millar. Since then Brackpool has been having his own troubles which cast further doubt on Millar's judgement in promoting him.

Firstly Brackpool and a partner had to effectively repay almost $1 million their public company Corporate Data Sciences loaned to their private company, to help finance a California country club venture they bought, during 1989-90. This followed a review of this and other transactions by CDS directors on the advice of the CDS auditors.

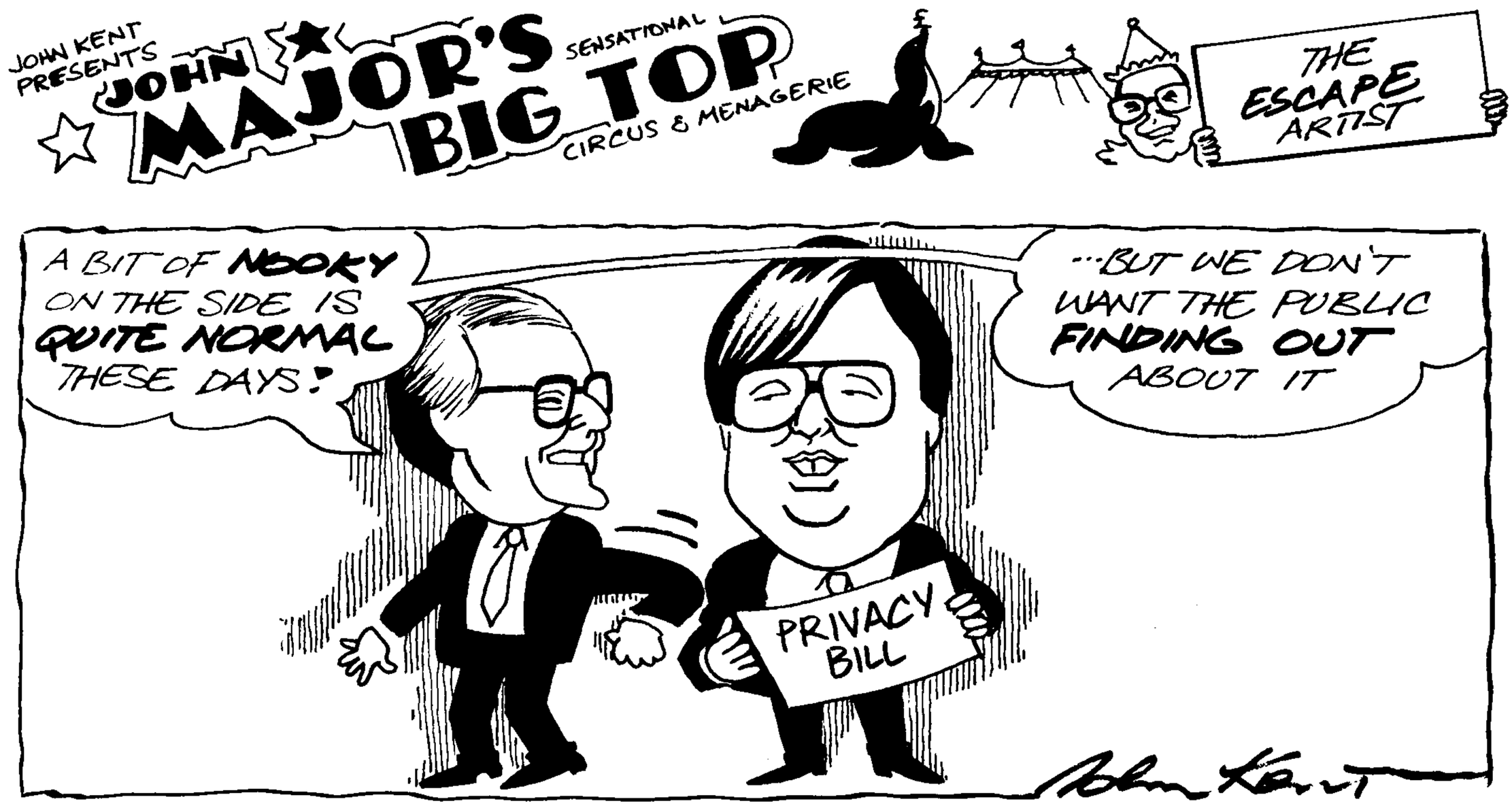
Then Brackpool had to repay $400,000 of "unauthorised cash advances" from CDS — he repaid $163,000 in cash and waived salary for the rest. The money was supposedly advance salary and expenses.

CDS then ceased to be a $140,000 a year tenant of the office building adjoining the Manhattan Country Club at Manhattan Beach south of Los Angeles. All this done in April last year, Brackpool left CDS, which was perhaps 25% owned by lucky clients of Strauss Turnbull and Henderson Crosthwaite who have seen the shares lose most of their value. Brackpool had been president and a major shareholder. Millar too held shares through a Bermuda company.

Finally a year ago the country club had to file for bankruptcy protection from its creditors, led by a Japanese bank owed $12 million.

It is not clear yet, however, whether these setbacks have brought to a halt Brackpool's role in Britain as a racehorse owner with his father and friends.

'Slicker'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Quote of the week:

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The Independent.

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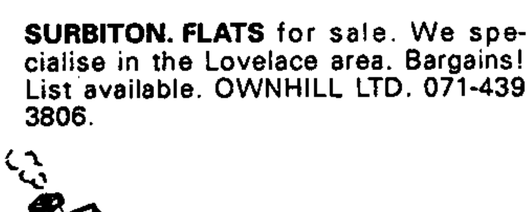

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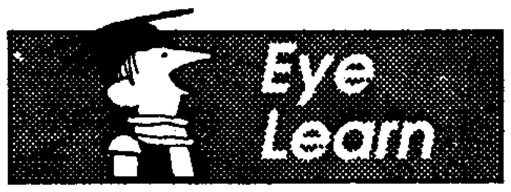

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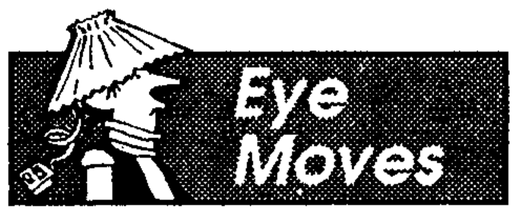

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WRITER, 29, based central Europe seeks intelligent witty woman for fun, adventure and holidays. Will travel. Box 2999.

READING MAN, 35, seeking female companion for holiday late autumn to somewhere warm, age unimportant. ALA. Box 3099.

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MALE, SLIM, not unattractive, intelligent, caring, affluent, seeks attractive, sensuous female for dining out, holidays abroad. London. Box 4399.

TALL SENSUAL woman (26) seeks older man, Midlands. Photo please. Box 4499.

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ATTRACTIVE SURREY gentleman, 49, seeks very indulgent, supportive relationship with lively lovely sensual young lady. Box 4699.

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INEXPERIENCED PROFESSIONAL man (35) seeks experienced lady 28-40 for affair. Box 4199.

INTELLIGENT ATTRACTIVE female, 27, safely married seeks safely married 35-55 year old solvent gentleman for discreet and mutually beneficial relationship. London/SE. Box 4299.

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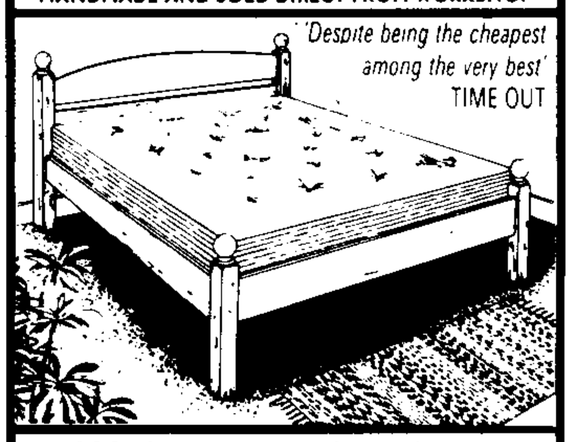

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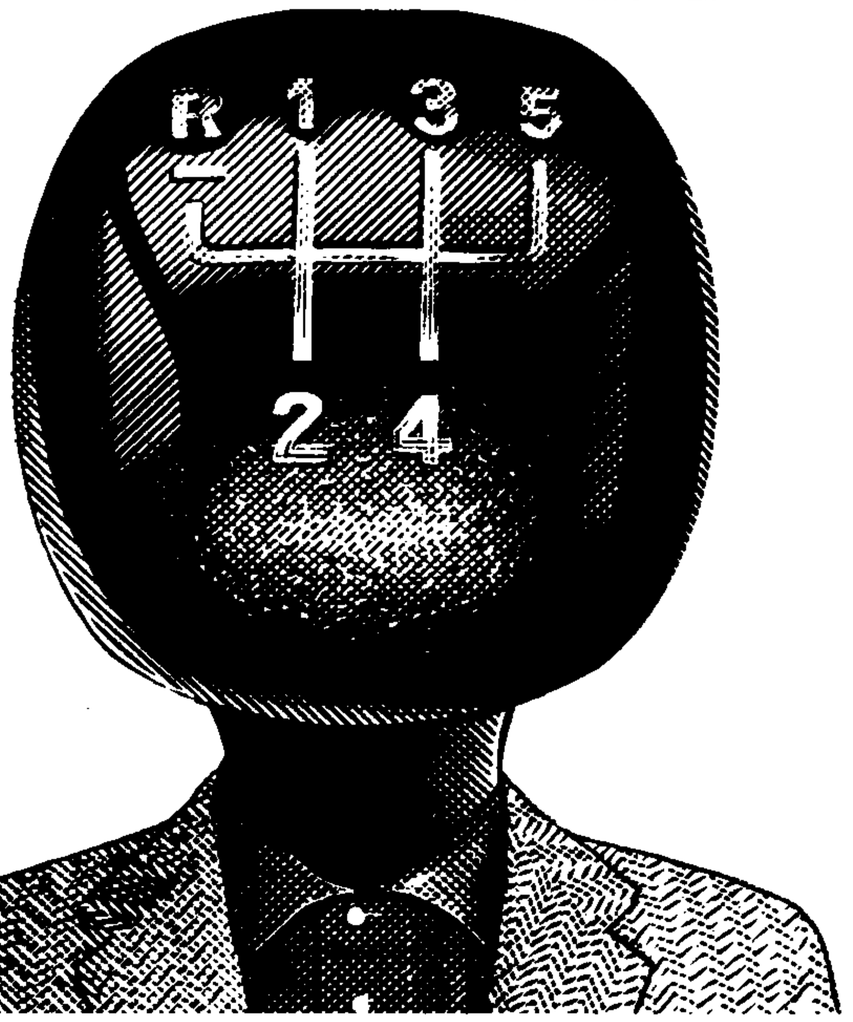

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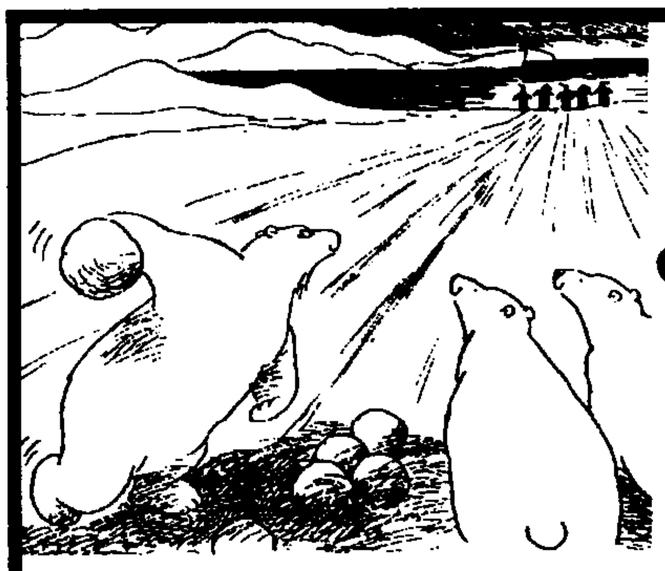

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Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1V 5RG. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE. 071-223 9971